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ABSTRACT

The purpose of this book is to record for the American Indian children of the Colville Indian Reservation (Central Washington) some of their background. The first part of the book contains information about the history and culture of the area and provides general facts about the reservation, tribal government, conditions before the "white man" came, Indian Power (the ability to perform supernatural feats), and the procurement of food. The second section of the book contains 10 legends told by Indian people of the area. Also included is a 24-item bibliography. (PS)

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COYOTE AND THE COLVILLE

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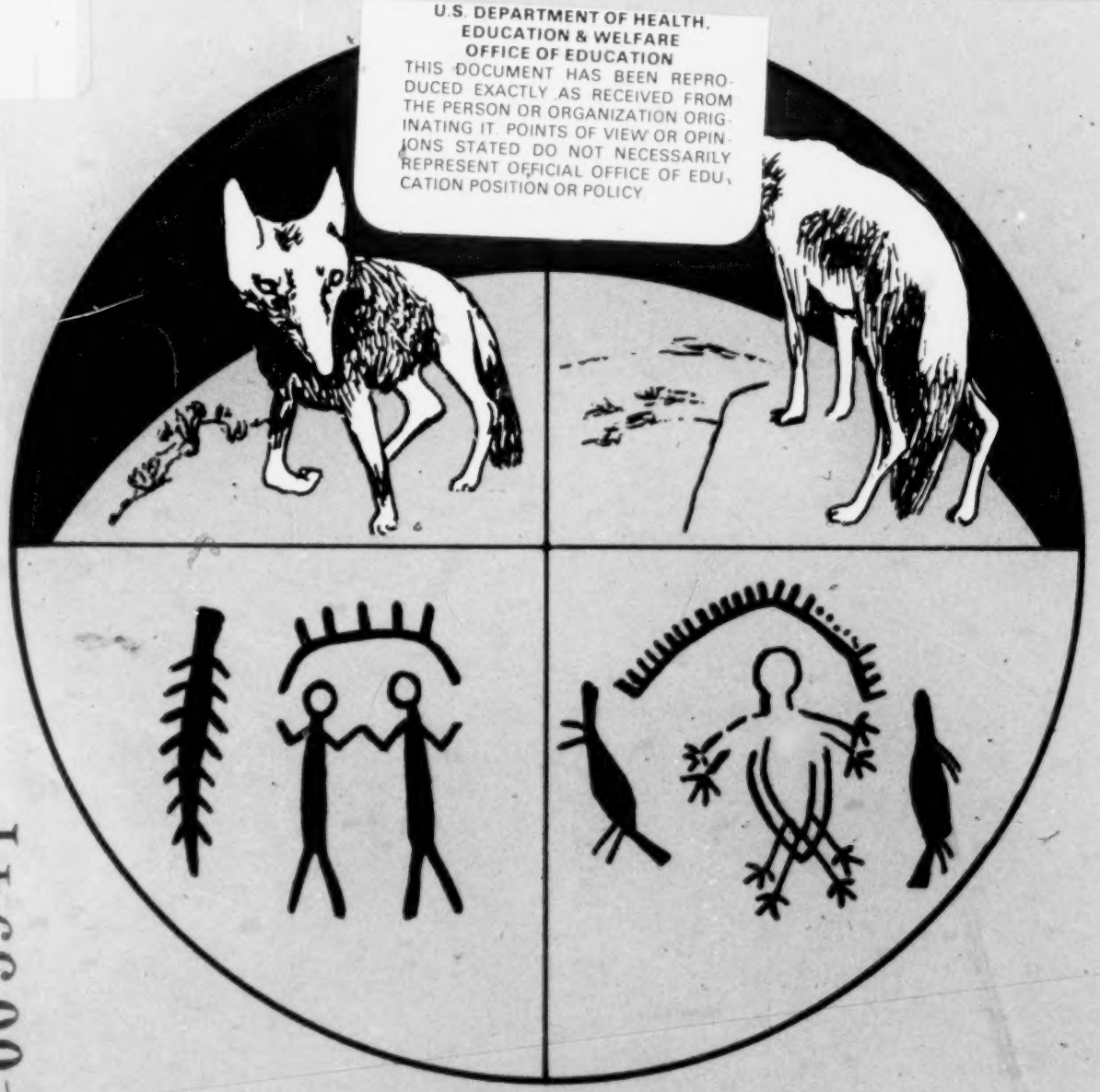

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COYOTE and the COLVILLE

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FRONTPIECE

FORWARD

This book is a general introduction to the history of the land and peoples of the Colville Indian Reservation.

Because that reservation now is home for many different bands and tribes, the material in this book can only give ar insight into many things about the people.

The book is presented in two parts. The first deals with the history of the area that was and is the Colville Indian Reservation, as well as providing some general facts about the way of life of the Indian People before the white man came.

The second section of the book provides a number of Indian legends, popularly known as Coyote stories. These stories were handed down from one generation to the next and were passed on by story-tellers. They have been provided here by a number of contributors in the hope that coming generations will continue to learn and understand these legends.

The publication is a result of an effort brought about by St. Mary's Mission, near Omak, with the help of a small federal grant and countless hours of volunteer labor. Costs of the work were borne by Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act through a grant to the Omak School District, for the purpose of recording for school children the history and cultural backgrounds of which we have written.

Individuals who conceived and conducted the work included the Rev. Joseph Obersinner, then principal of St. Mary's Mission, and John E. Andrist as program coordinator for Intermediate School District No. 107, and later as editor for the work presented here.

Miss Eileen Yanan, a volunteer at the Mission, spent the spring and summer of 1970 collecting the information presented here, receiving countless hours of valuable assistance from dozens of people, both Indian and non-Indian. She also conducted research in libraries and archives, including those at Gonzaga University.

Among the people who provided information and help were Mrs. Adolph, Jeannette Aleck, Francis Assissi, Louise Charley, John Cleveland, Cecelia Condon, Madeline Desautel, Eileen and Larry Emerson, Alice Irey, Smoker Marchand, Sara McCraigie, Ellen Moses, Mourning Dove, Mary Pierre, Harriet Rupp, Fr. Wilfred Schoenberg, Lena St. Peter, C. B. Suszen Timentwa, Julian Timentwa, Mrs. Cull White and Mickey Derrickson.

Part I

History and Backgrounds of Culture

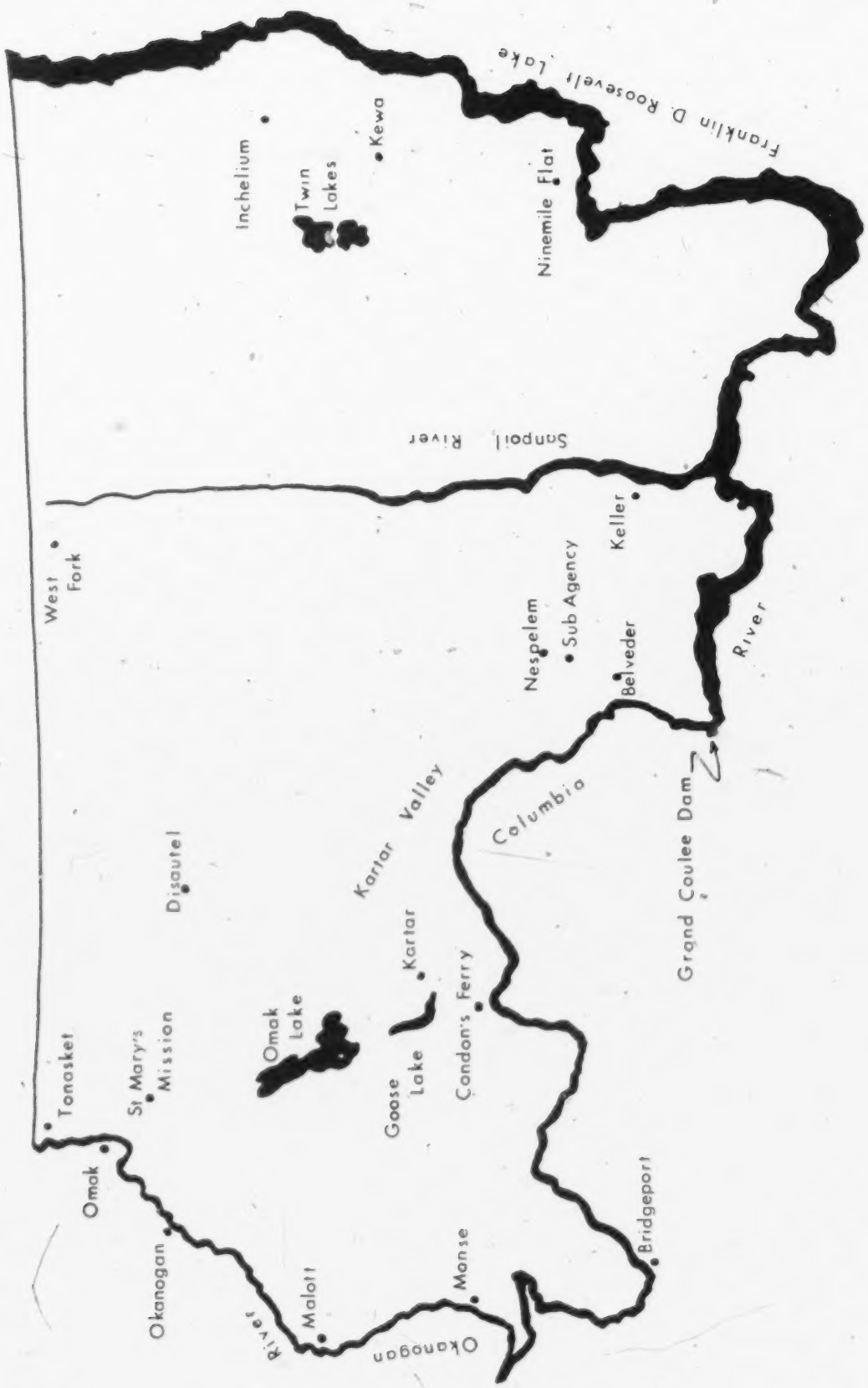

Fig. 1.—Colville Indian Reservation.

CHAPTER ONE

Introduction

The legends in this book, and the history of the land and peoples whose lives were guided by the legends, concern mainly the Southern Okanogan or Sinkaietk tribes of American Indians of the North Central Washington highlands and river valleys.

The Sinkaietk name is recognized as including those bands and tribes today known as the Southern Okanogan tribe which had four bands, Tonasket, Konkonelp, Kartar and Tukatorum. Their neighbors were the Lakes, Colvilles, Nespelem and San Poil tribes.[7] These tribes hunted, fished and gathered berries and roots in the same general area now known as Okanogan, Ferry, Stevens and Pend Oreille counties.

Today the Colville Indian Reservation occupies land in both Okanogan and Ferry counties, a territory considerably smaller than that originally used by the Indian people.

Members of the Colville Confederated Tribes include several other tribes and bands besides those named above. In addition, some bands were placed on the reservation for a brief time, and then permitted to move to other areas. There are presently eleven recognized bands which are members of the Colville Confederation, including Okanogan, Methow, San Poil, Lake, Colville, Nespelem, Chief Joseph Nez Perce, Palouse, Moses, Entiat and Wenatchee bands.

Each of these bands had its own chief, its areas where it lived, set up winter villages, and where it fished, hunted and gathered roots and berries. Many of these areas overlapped. The bands often met at special places for councils, celebrations and trade.

The Okanogan or Sinkaietk tribe, was made up of four bands, the Tonasket, Konkonelp, Kartar and Tukatorum. They spoke much the same dialect, lived in neighboring lands, intermarried and shared the same customs and legends.

The Kartar people camped from the foot of Omak Lake to the Columbia River. The Konkonelp lived in the area along the Okanogan River from the bend in the river at what is now Omak to a point about three miles upstream from present day Malott.

Members of the Tonasket band roamed and lived in the area along the Okanogan River from what is now Riverside to the site of present day Tonasket. The Tukatorum lived along the Columbia River along a huge area between the territory of the Kartar band and the mouth of the Okanogan River.[18] (4-8-60)

While the legends in this book are largely derived from peoples of the four bands of the Okanogan tribe, many of them are common to others of the same basic language group on the Colville Indian reservation, and on the Spokane, Kalispel and Flathead reservations as well.[7]

All of these tribes spoke the same basic language, which scholars have called the Salish language group. Within the Salish group are many dialects, and these dialects varied from tribe to tribe.

These legends gave the Indian people their history, stories of the origin of the people, and explanations for many natural things such as wind, water, mountains and weather. You might say that the legends of the Indian people provided some of their religion, their beliefs, their customs and the information that each new generation needed to carry on life.

Much of what children learn today by going to school, Indian children of long ago learned by listening to legends.

Many of the legends here relate directly to geographical points in present-day Okanogan, Stevens, Ferry and Chelan counties. One group of stories relates to rock formations which were said to have been people. A popular rock legend is that of the Hee Hee Stone, east of Oroville, which was destroyed in 1905 by drunk miners searching for gold.

The Hee Hee Stone, legend tells us, had been a beautiful maiden who was turned to stone for being fickle and causing handsome warriors to fight over her. The warriors are Chopaka, Bonaparte and other nearby mountains.

Another legend concerns Raven Rock, along the Columbia River near Wenatchee. White men know this as Lincoln Rock, for its strik-

ing resemblance to former President Abraham Lincoln. But Indian legend told of Raven Rock long before white man came to America.

Sinkaietk legend tells that the land here was first populated by Animal People, who could talk a common language and had many powers. Legend also tells of how people came to be here.

Legend relates that Young Wolf made the first person. It also tells how Beaver's flesh was cut into 12 pieces, which were to become twelve people. The Animal People carried the flesh to different lands, the legend goes on, and there shared their breath and removed any poison from the flesh. From these first twelve people grew the twelve tribes.

The Animal People, who had lived here many years before human beings were made, showed these first twelve where to find food and water, what roots were good and where berries grew.

The legends are known as Coyote Stories, because the most wise and powerful of all animals created by the Great Chief was Coyote. He also was the most troublesome and the most inclined to get himself hurt, so he had special Powers.

Coyote tamed the earth and some of the creatures. He placed salmon in certain waters and showed the Animal People how to catch the salmon and prepare them to eat. This knowledge the Animal People later passed on to the humans who came from Beaver's flesh.

The legends tell how the Animal People were preparing for the people-to-be. The Animal People even stole fire from the Upper Country so the people-to-be could warm themselves and cook in the winters-to-be.

But legends don't tell all. Who were the twelve Tribes? Were they the Sinkaietk and others across the Continent? Or were they the twelve or so bands who lived in what is now North Central Washington, North Eastern Washington, and South Central British Columbia?

(You know, of course, that the border between what is now Canada and the United States didn't exist then and the People roamed freely in the land. The Sinkaietk region was on both sides of what we know today as the U.S.-Canadian border.)

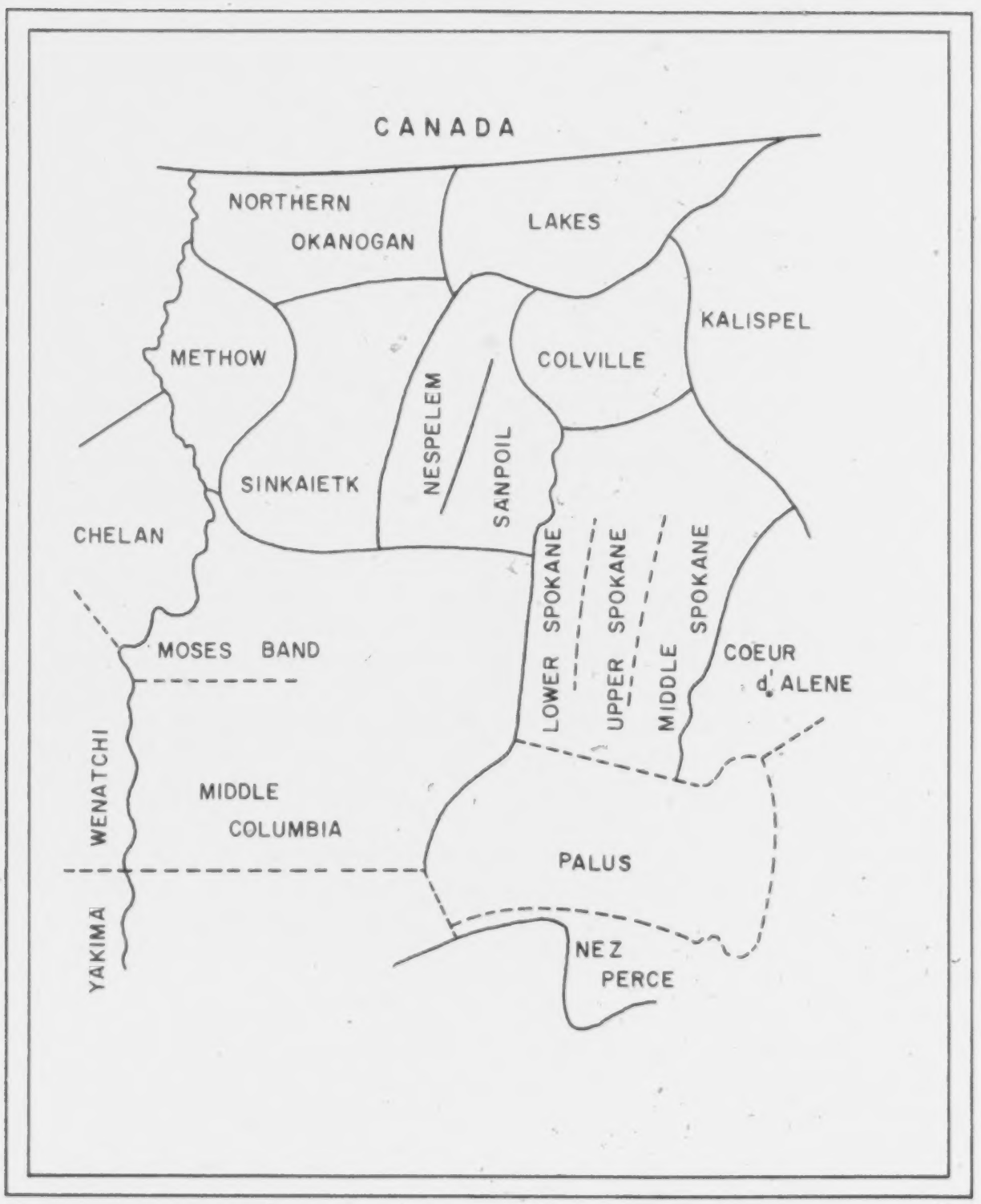

Fig. 2.--Aboriginal Ethnic Group Distribution in Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho. After Ray 1942.

CHAPTER TWO

The Reservation—Three Moves

How Indians came to live in North America, and more particularly, in the area about which this book is concerned, the area of the Colville Indian Reservation and the lands from which its main numbers of people came, is open to dispute.

Ancient Indian legend tells us that the Indian people always lived here, from the time the Great Chief had the Animal People get the land ready for them and when he had them created out of Beaver's Flesh. Virtually all Indian tribes have legends of creation, and none of them tell about any of the things white scholars say happened.

The white scholars tell us that centuries ago, the ancestors of the Indian people migrated slowly, over hundred of years. They tell us that small roving bands explored further and further across Asia, pushing over a land bridge between Asia and North America into Alaska, and gradually moving into the entire North American continent.

Indians are proud of the fact that they were here and were living in this part of the world before white man first came. It seems odd to them to relate that Columbus discovered America, for they were here all the time.

The people who helped create this book, and who are members of the Colville Confederated Tribes, can puzzle this decision with us. But either way we decide to believe—that of the ancient Indian legend or the modern white scholar—the recent history of the lands and peoples of the Colville Indian Reservation is a bit easier to follow.

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The tribes which are now members of the Colville Confederation originally lived in and around the area of the present Colville Indian Reservation, except for the Nez Perce.

White traders seeking furs were the first known non-Indian residents of the area. The earliest outpost was set up at Fort Okanogan in 1811 by an American company. Other trading outposts were established at Fort Colville and Fort Spokane to trade for furs collected in the region.

From 1835-1870 white men came. Some settled in the area to trap and mine. Some areas in the larger valleys (such as the Colville valley) attracted men who wanted to farm.[14]

During this period the Sinkaietk or Okanogan tribe is believed to have numbered about 300 people. Contact with the whites brought diseases which the Indian had never known before, and to which he had no natural immunity.

Smallpox and measles epidemics killed as many as half the Sinkaietk people during this period. Today their numbers have increased to beyond the number who lived here prior to white man's coming.

The creation of the Colville Indian Reservation seems to have been peaceful. The several moves made by the Indian people came without serious incident. It resulted with the bulk of the bands and tribes settling on the Colville Reservation.

White settlers didn't always stick to the agreements their government had made with the Indian people, and the white government generally did very little about this. This was taking place even after the Indian people had been resettled according to the wishes of white settlers.[14]

Four separate agreements and reservations were created, with the fourth one, greatly diminished, being the final parcel of land set aside for the Indian. It was a good land, rich in game, water and forests and a place of beauty.

Perhaps some idea of the events can best be gained by following them in the order in which they happened.

The original Colville Indian Reservation was created by order of President U. S. Grant on April 9, 1872. This reservation was a huge land to be reserved for the Indian people. It lay north of the Spokane river between the Columbia river and the Idaho territory. It was in what is now northern Spokane county and Stevens and Pend Oreille counties.

Three months later, through pressure from whites, President Grant issued a new order, moving the reservation across the Columbia

Fig. 3.—The Original Colville and Moses (Columbia) Reservations. Number 1 Indicates the Northern Half and Number 2 Denotes the Present Reservation. Numbers 1, 2, and 3 Indicate the Reservation of 19 April 1872. Number 4 Indicates the Moses (Columbia) Reservation of 1879 and 1880.

River into a vast new territory which wasn't so much desired by white farmers.

This required resettlement of a number of Indian bands, and was undertaken over a number of years as authorities moved among the bands getting them to make the move.

The new reservation was bounded on the west by the Okanogan river, on the south and east by the Columbia river, and the north by the Canadian border.

This second reservation (marked by No. 1 and No. 2 in Figure 2) occupied an area of 2,886,000 acres, much of it within the lands in which the Sinkaietk Indian people lived. Other traditional bands to the area included Colvilles, and the Nespelem and San Poil Indians.

Perhaps as a means of convincing the Colvilles, who were largely from the east side of the Columbia, that this was their new land, the white government called it the Colville Indian Reservation.

The tribes directed to locate on this reservation at that time were 700 Coeur d'Alene people, 600 Colville, 420 Kalispel, 340 Okanogan, 230 Lake, 300 Methow, 538 San Poil and Nespelem people, 725 Spokane Indians, as well as an uncounted number of tribes.[18] (4-15-60) Those people who came later (the move took a number of months and in some cases, even years) included the Pend Oreille, the Snake River Palouse Indians (a band of Yakima tribesmen) and the Wenatchee and Entiat bands.

A fourth and separate reservation was created in 1879 for the followers of Chief Moses. This was a huge land area lying between the Cascade mountains and the boundary formed by the Okanogan and Columbia rivers, running from the Canadian border to the Wenatchee river. The lands included some which had traditionally been the territory of the Methow and Sinkaietk groups.

But that reservation also soon was closed because of pressure from white miners. In 1883 Chief Moses and his bands, as well as others not previously affected, were directed to move onto the Colville Reservation. Some were given the option of remaining on small tracts of land, known as allotments, in which the U. S. Government gave each Indian family head 640 acres or, in some cases, smaller allotments of 40 and 80 acres.

Two years later, in June, 1885, the federal government placed Chief Joseph and some of his Nez Perce followers on the Colville Reservation near Nespelem, ending their exile to Oklahoma. That band remains part of the Colville Confederation.

Some of the population pressures on the Colville reservation were averted when the Spokane Indian reservation had been created

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in 1881. Separate reservations also were created for the Kalispel and Coeur d'Alene tribes.

But in May, 1891, a federal commission negotiated an agreement by which the federal government was to buy the northern half of the Colville Indian reservation. A boundary running east and west was established just south of present-day Riverside, crossing the area from the Okanogan to the Columbia river.

By this agreement, the consenting tribes (some refused to sign the agreement) agreed to sell 1,500,000 acres at a price of roughly $1 per acre to be paid in five annual installments of $300,000.

While the northern half was opened to homesteading in July, 1892, the allotments which Indians were to receive still hadn't been approved by 1896 and many Indians were forced to leave lands they had thought they would be allotted.

The North Half, a land of high valleys, mountains and many lakes and streams, was prized by the Indians for its game and shelter. White miners found gold in the region and mines operate there to this day.

Part of the lands in the northern half were opened to homestead, some were taken up by mineral claims and the balance, almost half, became a national forest.

What remained as the Colville Indian reservation has been known as the reduced reservation, to identify it from the previous two reservations.

That is the reservation which exists today—except for lands withdrawn from individual Indian ownership and tribal ownership by homestead entry and by direct sale at the request of the owners.

The reservation measures 70 miles east to west and 35 miles north to south. It encompasses 1.3 million acres.

Several times since it took the north half of the original reservation, the federal government made deals with the Colville tribes. The first was the McLaughlin agreement of 1905.[13]

Under terms of the McLaughlin Agreement, all lands of the Colville Indian reservation, together with all rights and interests were ceded to the United States Government. This agreement was signed by 350 Indian adults on December 1, 1905.[13]

There were provisions in the agreement to return parts of the lands to the Indians. However, the agreement did cover both the north half, which already had been taken over by the government and opened to homesteading, and the south half, which is now the Colville Indian reservation.

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Part of the agreement was that the Tribes were to be paid for the 1,500,000 acres of land which were taken from them in 1892.

Under the McLaughlin agreement, each man, woman and child was to receive an allotment of 80 acres in the south half. The Tribes also were to be paid for lands not returned to them in allotments.

The remaining 1,300,000 acres of the south half of the diminished Colville reservation were then surveyed and classified by land into types suitable for irrigation, grazing, timber, mineral and into an arid land class.

By the year 1914, the 2505 Indians living on the Colville Indian Reservation had been allotted 333,275 acres of land. Allotments were for 80 acres of agricultural land or 160 acres of grazing land.

In 1916, half of the remaining land, 422,144 acres, was opened to homesteading by non-Indians. Timber, mineral and irrigation lands were not open to homestead. Another 27,000 acres was opened to homesteading between 1922 and 1928.

In 1929 the federal government returned about 32,000 acres of timber lands to the Tribes.[13] The Tribes were not to get all of the remaining lands of the south half for another 37 years, as it turned out.

By 1928, 417,841 acres of the south half had been homesteaded under the laws of the State of Washington. After another 10 years, lands not sold according to their value could be bought by the highest bidder. Homestead was not required, as the land could be purchased directly from the government.

Finally, during the 1934-35 year, most of the lands which had not been sold or homesteaded were returned to the Colville Confederated Tribes by the federal government. It was 1956 before the title for the last parcel of the Indian's land was transferred to tribal ownership.[13]

Even today that ownership, be it tribal land or an Indian allotment, is controlled by the federal government.

CHAPTER THREE

Tribal Government

Before the reservation was formed, tribes were small and affairs were governed by chiefs and the leaders of the bands within the tribe.

When the reservation was formed a system came about which provided leadership through a council of chiefs of all the tribes and bands. These councils met somewhat regularly to operate the affairs of the tribes until 1935, when a constitution was adopted and a tribal business council was formed.

All of the affairs of the tribes continue to be under the jurisdiction of the federal government through the Bureau of Indian Affairs, which holds the lands and interests of the tribes in trust. Indian tribal property, for example, cannot be sold or traded without approval of this federal government agency.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs moved its offices to Coulee Dam from Nespelem in the 1960s, but now (1971) is considering moving back onto the reservation.

The systems of tribal government fall into three periods. The first was the period before the tribes and bands were relocated on the reservation. The second period would be that time from the formation of the reservation until the adoption of a tribal constitution and a formal governing body. The third period is the current time, when a tribal business council conducts the reservation's affairs under supervision of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

In the first period, as you will recall, the Indians of the various tribes lived in widely scattered places. A tribe might be a single

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group of people, or as in the case of the Okanogan or Sinkaietk, a number of separated bands.

Food and shelter were among the main concerns in these times, and a band or tribe would have several leaders, depending upon the need at the moment. These leaders or chiefs were chosen on the basis of their ability, not merely by inheritance from father to son. There might be a leader of the hunt, a leader of the food gatherers, a leader in war and a leader in house building, and dancing.

The number and types of leaders or chiefs depended upon the size of the living group. You will learn later in this book of the seasonal activities of the tribes and bands.

Each chief was expected to govern for the good of all, without force. Most important, a chief needed good management sense. He had to continue to provide good leadership or he might be replaced.

It was not important that a chief have great power, wealth or that he be the best warrior. Often a chief was an Indian with these qualities, but he was not chosen because of these alone.[7]

Sometimes a son became a chief after his father became too old or weak to lead. At times a son would inherit the chief's position because he had been trained by his father and had the best skills for leadership. The family of a chief was expected to be a good example to its people.[7]

In times of attack by Indian tribes from other areas, tribes and bands would gather and a council would decide the war strategy.

During the second period, when the many tribes and bands were brought onto the reservation from their widely scattered homelands, a pattern of councils of chiefs developed to govern the reservation.

Often these councils were called by government agents who wished to meet with the Indian leaders and negotiate. Because of friction not all bands would answer these calls.

One of the results of this form of government was that annual councils developed, with celebrations, contests and dancing. The circle encampment held early in July at Nespelem each year, got its start in this way, and has continued even though the last of the chiefs has died and the power of government has been patterned after the white man's system.

Today the Colville Confederated tribes operates under a written constitution with by-laws approved by the people. The constitution was adopted by a vote of the people in 1938, after several years of discussion and several votes which attracted such a small turnout of tribal members that Congress would not accept them.

The 1938 constitution provides for a ruling business council of 14 members, each of whom serves for two years. Seven members are elected each year, and a number of council members have successfully been elected a number of times.[12]

Business council members are paid for attending regular meetings. Much of the tribe's business and management is in the hands of this responsible group. Committees are formed each to decide on matters of finance, legislation, education, lands, tribal enrollment, timber and land management, and fish and game.

Timber is a major resource of the Colville Confederated Tribes, and together with grazing, mineral rights and fishing and hunting form some of the major business interests of the tribal council.

In early times both men and women could serve as chiefs and had equal power in office, and today both men and women are elected to the tribal council. Women play a more important role in tribal business than they seem to achieve in the white man's government.

Assisting the council with the business of the tribes is a staff of clerical and administrative workers who are employed by the tribes.

Under recent federal direction, tribal governments are taking over more and more of the management of their reservations, having the sole decision making power over an increasing area. This has meant a reduction of reliance on the Bureau of Indian Affairs as a manager of tribal matters and an increase in the Bureau's efforts to serve as advisors when asked for help.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Before The White Man Came

Indians of the area now known as North Central Washington, and more particularly, of the area of the Colville reservation, lived in a territory abundant with game, food and shelter.

Part of this was due to rivers which flowed through the area, the Okanogan, Columbia and Methow rivers in the southwest of the territory, and the Kettle, San Poil and Nespelem rivers in the central and northern portion.

The Columbia river dominated this area, providing food for many bands and tribes. The most famous fishing place on the upper Columbia when the white man came was Kettle Falls. This fishing ground was destroyed by the waters entrapped by Grand Coulee Dam and the Indian people lost a major food resource.

What follows is a general description of life before the white man. It was a pattern of life that was followed for a time after the white man came, but which is today virtually non-existent. And, it should be cautioned, the pattern described here is only a general idea. There were many exceptions and many variations.

Basically, however, there was little class distinction among people in a tribe or band. Each man decided for himself where he and his family would live. Whatever village or band a man chose, he had to recognize the chief of that village as his leader.

In some instances it seemed not to be where a person were born, but where he had lived most of his life, which decided nationality or group identity.[7]

Each tribe and band had its own recognized territory. The bands

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in a tribe broke up during the summer months to hunt, fish and gather food, but came together again in about November (only they didn't call it that) to build their winter villages. A tribe might have as many as 30 winter village places, since each band occupied four or five sites during the course of the winter. These winter villages often were permanent and were prepared in advance for winter with a large supply of food.[7]

Families often wintered as a group. When more than one family lived in one dwelling area, a house leader usually was chosen. He was an older, wiser man, who became the leader.

A child enjoyed a large family, with relatives on both his father's and mother's side being equally important, and all being regarded as close as brothers and sisters.

Marriage often was between members of two different bands in a tribe, and children thus often had many relatives in more than one band. This "extended family" was an important social force in the Indian society and accounted for training and development of youth into adults, as well as for social order, general codes of conduct and forms of behavior.

Social custom decreed that while a person could marry a member of his or her own band, he could never marry a blood relative. This custom was followed more strictly than is non-Indian law, as often one could not even marry a fifth cousin.

Weddings between members of two different tribes were great occasions of gift giving of horses, hides and foods.[7]

Indian people had more than 34 names for a person's status and position within the family order. These included names for one's great-great-great-great grandparent. That's the sixth generation. Names for other relatives such as aunts, uncles and cousins also were specific. These names for relatives were based not only upon blood relationship, but often indicated where they lived, their age, and whether they were a man or woman.

A baby often was not named until he was a year old. Then the name of an aged or dead relative was chosen for the child by a grandparent, often in the hope that the child would become like the person for whom he was named.

Indian custom permitted an individual to inherit three things: personal names, Power, and material possessions.

Material possessions of a person who died all were given to relatives and friends. The widow and children kept almost nothing. This custom of giving is sometimes followed today.

Inheritance of names came from both the father's and mother's sides of the family.

A youth might inherit a relative's Power in a dream or vision. If that happened, the youth was privileged to sing the Power song and use the Power passed on through the vision.[7]

An Indian village before the white man came might consist of 50 to 100 people living in five to twelve tule mat lodges. The largest lodge probably would belong to the chief.

The lodges stood ten to twenty feet high, and were made on a framework of poles. Mats made of dry tules sewn together with Indian hemp thread-rope were laid out vertically over the poles. Sewing was done with a bone or wood needle. When the mat was finished it would be ten to twenty feet long. The mats were lapped over each other like shingles, and let some sunlight into the house, but kept out most of the rain.[7]

Tipis (teepees) covered with tule mats often were used in summer in place of the lodges, which were often only put up in the more permanent villages. A teepee made of tule mats was ten to twenty feet in diameter. Mats were laid over the poles, and another set of poles would be laid over the mats to keep the mats from blowing in the wind.

Indian teepees still appear at celebrations and sometimes are used when families are camping out, although today they are covered with canvas.

An important part of the Indian's life was the sweathouse. This was a year-around source of physical and spiritual cleansing.

Modern steam baths and saunas could be said to be a version of the ancient Indian sweathouse.

Separate sweathouses were built for men and women. All camp-sites and villages had sweathouses, and some had large ones. To be successful in almost any venture, hunting, fishing, gambling, love, battle or whatever was to be done, the person first had to sweat to cleanse himself.

Legend says that the sweathouse was once the wife of the Great Chief. He gave her to the animal people when he named them, as a gift to help them and the people-to-be.

Built and used with reverence, the sweathouse provided both strength and purity. There was a special sweathouse song to be sung, or an individual might sing his Power song to increase his strength.

A sweathouse was built with birch or willow branches. Some say there must be twelve willow branches, each 15 feet long. The sweat-

house was often no more than four feet high and four feet in diameter. It had a dome-shaped roof, covered with blankets or layers of bark, grass and earth. Fir boughs on the floor provided a good aroma.

Stones were heated in a fire outside the lodge and rolled or carried with sticks and placed in a small pit beside the doorway or entrance flap. Water was poured on the rocks to produce steam to make the user sweat.

The hides of deer, cured into buckskin, provided the main clothing and buckskin was worn year-around. Thicker layers were used for warmth in winter. Skins of wolf, fox, otter, coyote, beaver, mink, bear, goat, and groundhog also were used for clothing.

Men hunted the animals and skinned them, but women tanned and sewed the hides into clothing.

Children and adults dressed alike. Buckskins were often decorated with porcupine quills, shells, paint, horse hair embroidery, bone beads and feather quills.

Sometimes, long ago, the outer bark of sagebrush was woven into material for skirts for women. Skirts also could be made of a material woven from the bark of willow and cedar trees.

Indian hemp was woven into moccasins. Cords and ropes were woven from hemp that grows along the Okanogan river and along Omak lake. Three-stranded ropes were made from willow bark, but horse hair made the strongest rope. Some people still have horse bridles made of this horse hair rope.[7]

Baskets were made by Indian women by coiling cedar root bark fibers. These baskets had many uses, for storing food, holding berries at picking time, and also were used in cooking when hot stones were dropped into them.

Other bags were made from corn husks, and a few still are made by Indian women. Buckets of birch and other barks, as well as hemp bags were among the many items which Indian women made for the family's use. Many baskets have lasted through the years and may be seen today, some so old they are yellowed, yet their designs are visible. These designs were created by weaving in plant fibers which had been dyed. Black was made from a mixture of charcoal and grease. Oregon grape made many shades of yellow. A creek-bank plant's root was used to make both reds and blues.

The color white was made from a clay found near a lake above present-day Riverside.[7]

A number of tools were made and used by the Indians, including needles of bone and wood. Women dug roots for food, and used the

wood of the service berry bush to fashion their digging tools. Deer or elk horn provided the handle. Today's digging tools are made of iron. Indians used elk horn to make spoons, also.

While an Indian mother worked, her baby might be hung in a tree in his cradleboard. These boards were made of dry pine boards. A branch of service berry wood or willow sometimes was shaped around the board to protect the baby and make the board easier to carry. Usually, as he outgrew a small board, a baby would be placed on a larger board.[7]

The wood of the service berry bush was used for many things. It was pliable when wet, and when dry was stiff, yet would bend without breaking. Men made bows and arrows from it. Three lines of feathers from the eagle, hawk or grouse were fastened to the arrow to guide its flight. Flint from McLaughlin canyon made good arrow tips, and also was used in making knives.[7]

Men made dugout canoes from yellow (Ponderosa) pine. The dugout was about two feet wide and from 12 to 30 feet long. A dugout canoe which originally belonged to Chief Jim James is on display at Fort Okanogan museum and another is displayed at the Rocky Reach Dam Museum near Wenatchee.

Canoes also were sometimes made from the bark of the white fir, or spruce trees, with ribs of bluewood.[7]

Pipes for smoking also were made by Indians of the region. Soapstone, clay and redstone were used. A light green, soft stone as well as black soapstone came from the Similkameen river area. Red stone came from the Methow, and a blue-green soapstone came from the Wenatchee area.

The pipes often were fashioned with a stone bowl and a wooden stem of willow wood. The men sometimes etched designs into the bowls of the pipe, using red clay, pine pitch and grease to help the design stand out.

Many different plants were smoked in the pipes, including kinnikinick, some roots, grasses and sunflower leaves.

Smoking often was a ceremonial act, and a shamen or medicine doctor always smoked before or during a curing.[7]

Medicine doctors were found in most tribes and had a number of ceremonies as well as a number of medicinal herbs and other medical practices which they followed. They could cure by blowing, massage, sucking out poison, and the use of herbs. Some doctors used water to cure. Cures often were kept secret.

Cases have been documented in which medicine doctors devel-

oped cures for colds, tuberculosis, rheumatism, whooping cough, fever, stomach ache, headache, constipation, sore eyes and toothaches. There even was a cure for cancer, according to those interviewed.

Many of the traditional cures are followed today, and one important one, a cure for ulcers, is widely followed.

In the winter medicine doctors often went to the Winter Dances. If a man was giving his first winter dance, he might ask a shamen with much Power to come, so no one would steal his Power.

The host fed his guests, and at the end of the Winter Dance, many gifts were given, including blankets, hides and beadwork.

The Winter Dances were held in January or February and were attended by both men and women. The dances were important social events, and were considered to bring good fortune to those people who attended, since a man who was singing his power song for the first time would ask his Power to help his people. The sacred Winter Dances still are held today.[7]

In the winter people had more time to play. They had worked hard most of the year gathering stores of food to carry them through the winter when food gathering was difficult. With extra time, and since they often gathered in larger groups to winter, the Indian people developed many games, as well as story telling.

Story telling was a favorite pastime. Usually each village had one or two men who knew all the legends and stories and who were good story tellers. These men often were invited to the homes of families to tell their stories for entertainment. The stories were more than entertainment, however, as they included many legends from which the people drew their beliefs, their religion and their customs and which explained their origins. Coyote stories were among the favorites and as you read those later in this book, you'll find out why.

Often, at the end of a story, the storyteller would say, "Then I came back," which was a formal ending to the story and to his telling. People then might give him gifts, to thank him.

Other entertainment include games of skill and of chance.

Winter or summer, stick games were the most popular, as they are today. Stick games have flourished from ancient hunting camps and summer and winter gatherings of the many bands to today's rodeos and Indian celebrations.

Ball games, foot and horse races, wrestling, dice and hand games all were played.

Power was necessary for success in gambling, and the leader of each side in a stick game was helped a great deal by his Power.

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CHAPTER FIVE

Power, What Is It?

Power has been mentioned several times in this book, and almost sounds as if it were something physical which a person possessed. To those who had Power it was more than something physical, it was a super force which gave them knowledge, insight, strength and courage. Generally a person's Power came from or was associated with an animal to which he felt he was related.

Stories are told of a man's Power appearing in a dream or vision, and leaving an omen or token with him. Not all sources of Power were animals . . . but since animals were the first people and since every human was said to be related to some animal, they frequently were the main source of power.

The relationship gave the person physical and spiritual power. This Power was within the person. It was not his soul, but it was a spirit, and Power was with a person always.

Grizzly and Eagle were two of the strongest Powers a person could hope to have. Both men and women could have Power. If a person's Power was Bluejay, for example, he was very quick-eyed and could help people find things. The Spokesman-Review, in 1927, reported about a man with Bluejay power who helped locate a missing body.[7]

A person's Power helped him hunt, fight, cure, do superhuman feats or lead his or her people. Power was responsible for any success a person had. An individual could give or lend some of his Power to another, without losing it himself.

But Power was something a person either had or he didn't, and to falsely claim to have Power could mean death, as people with real Power would find out and know of the lie, too.

Curing doctors were men or women who had exceptional powers at healing and curing. Their ability to cure the sick was and is proof of their strong Power.[7] Curing doctors still help with cures among many Indian people.

Power was obtained by a young boy or girl on a Power Quest in which they went out to seek Power. Summer and winter were the favored times for this. The quest was supervised by parents and other adult relatives, who made sure that the boy or girl was prepared with compassion and friendship.

The youth had to go alone to seek Power, and had to fast (to go without food) while they were waiting. Part of the preparation was to develop the correct mental attitudes of courage, honesty, perseverance, wakefulness and concentration.

The youth was told that when he or she was alone, and when he or she was mentally prepared and wakeful, the Power would come, perhaps in the night or early morning hours, to bestow his strength, promising to return to assist at later times.

Once the Power appeared the youth could then make his own emblem and create his own Power song, which might have been suggested by the Power when it appeared. Then only the youth could wear that emblem and sing that Power song.[7]

The only times a person sang his Power song publicly was at the Winter Dances. The song was sung at other times of importance (as in the sweathouse, preparing for a hunt or other feat). At the Winter Dance the song would bring good to all the people, and they could sing with the individual.

A person's Power would tell him when to hold a Winter Dance and sing the song for the first time. To do otherwise, when the Power had urged it, would anger him. Women's Power songs differed from those sung by the men. They did not borrow each other's songs.[7]

It is difficult to explain just what Power was, but Power was not your mind nor was it your soul. The ancients believed in more than one soul. Your breath soul was what you lost when you died, since then you breathe no more. There also was a Shadow Soul.

Power was not your ghost, either. A ghost was a person who died but could not pass on for some reason.[7]

CHAPTER SIX

Food: Hunting and Gathering

Much of the Indian people's activity was centered around food, and they moved about from one region to another seeking food which was in season at that time. It was reasonable, then, that the measure of time was by the food that was in season. Some of the peoples divided the year into periods which they named by the season in which the foods were gathered.[24]

The season we know as November was the time when leaves yellowed and died and people began moving to their winter homes. Snowfalls began in December, January was the blizzard season and February was the time of the white snow.

March was buttercup time, a period which extended into our month of April which also was known as leaf budding and leaf unfolding time. May was high water time and bitterroot time, and sunflower time, which extended into June. July was service berry time when there were flowers on the ground (at higher elevations). Wild cherry and chokecherry time came in August, while berry picking and salmon spawning time were September. The major salmon run came up the Columbia during what we know as October, and gave that period its name.

Some counted days by knotting string or cord. Each day was a knot, and two knots were tied close together at 200. Sometimes a small piece of string was tied to the knotted string to mark off 1000.

Deer were the main food item in the Indian diet, with salmon being the second major source of food. Deer could be taken year-around, while salmon were more seasonal, as were the berries, roots and other foods gathered by the people.

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Other important game animals which provided food included bear, rabbits, grouse, ducks, geese and beaver.

More than 100 varieties of roots, berries and plant foods were gathered by the women and children of the Indian tribes of North Central Washington.

While deer could be taken the year-around, fall hunts were the most important, both because this was the time when food was being stored up for the winter, and because the meat was in its prime.

Indians used a variety of methods of taking deer, including some reports of hunting with dogs. It also has been reported that deer were driven off cliffs near Loomis. This has been described as happening about every three years, and the deer were stampeded over the cliffs by setting fire to the underbrush and grass.[7]

Hunting also continued into the winter, when hunters and dogs could trap deer in the snow if conditions were right. Men on snowshoes could get through some snow that the deer couldn't.

The first deer taken in the fall by each man was divided among the families in camp. After that, each man began to lay in his own supply of meat. When a deer was killed, it was carried back to camp and skinned by the hunter. The women took over from there, dressing the deer and preparing the meat. No part of the deer was wasted.

Sometimes the meat was dried on racks or smoked with green willow. Deer meat was not sun dried without being smoked, otherwise it could be eaten only if it were boiled and could not be pounded and mixed into pemmican. After the meat had been dried and smoked until there was no blood left, it was kept in the shade for two or three days to dry further and prevent spoiling. The meat was cut into thin strips to be dried and smoked.[7]

The other major winter source of meat were the salmon of which there were three varieties found in the rivers, the chinook, silver salmon and blueback salmon.

Salmon fishing was done at common fishing grounds where the tribes built fish traps and fished with spears. The traps have disappeared with the construction of dams which have flooded the rapids where they used to be built.

Traps were once built at the rapids near Monse, Malott and Omak on the Okanogan river.[45] The men of the village would help build the salmon trap and would fish at it together.

The first four days each year when the men began to fish for salmon, the Salmon Ceremony was held. The first catch of salmon would be cut the same day it was caught. The cutting was a special

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ritual, done by one chosen man. He cut the salmon into seven pieces. The fish was cooked a special way. All the salmon caught each day for the first four days had to be eaten by the men. Legend told the men that Coyote taught them the ceremony to insure that the salmon would come again. Women never attended the ceremony nor did they fish at the trap. Mourners also were forbidden to come near the fish trap, so they would not frighten the salmon away.[7]

Oroville and Kettle Falls also were popular fishing areas. Before Grand Coulee Dam was built, many tribes gathered at Kettle Falls to fish. This was a major salmon fishing area on the Upper Columbia which disappeared when Grand Coulee Dam backed up Lake Roosevelt.

Other fish caught for food included ling cod or devilfish, which were often taken through the ice in winter in Lake Okanogan and other waters. Other trout, suckers and other fish also were taken.

Bear hunting provided another important source of meat and warm hides. Bear often were hunted in the spring, March and April, as well as in the fall. Deadfall traps and weapons both were used to take bear.

The bear was an animal which the people held in reverence, and special ceremonies were associated with the hunt. It was believed that anyone who made fun of a bear would be killed by one. As the bear was carried into camp, people sang a special song in his honor. The song is known to few people today.

Besides game animals and fish, the Indians of the area depended a great deal on roots, berries and fruits of the area. More than 100 varieties of roots, berries and plant foods were gathered by women of the tribes of North Central Washington. The Spokesman-Review reported in 1958 that more than 40 of these plant foods had medicinal qualities.

Among the important berries harvested for food were huckleberries, service berries, foam berries and choke cherries. Many Indian women still gather and sell these foods and others.

Service berries were picked in June, July and August along large water streams. Huckleberries were in season in late summer and early fall in high mountain areas. Foam berries, picked in June and July, provided an excellent food which was known as Indian ice cream.

Picking berries was women's work, and the women often went out in large groups to gather berries. Each kept what she had picked, and collected her harvest in a coiled cedar root basket tied to her waist.

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Often berries were dried to preserve them for winter food. The berries were dried on tule mats spread on racks or laid upon the ground. Later the dried berries could be mixed with bitterroot or boiled salmon eggs.[7]

Among the major roots dug for food were bitterroot, found in May, camus root also in May, and wild onions along lowland streams in April, the hills in May and the higher mountains in June. Wild carrot and sunflower seeds were collected in June and July. The seeds of the sunflower could be dried to last as long as six years.[7]

While not all foods are mentioned here, one of the more interesting ones, black moss, is explained in detail.

Black moss is Coyote's hair, according to legend, and was left for the people to help them. It could be gathered and prepared into food at any time of the year. Black moss was found in the branches of pine, fir and tamarack trees. Women and children used long, hooked sticks to gather the moss.

The moss was sometimes steamed in a pit oven for 12-24 hours. Pressed into hard squares and dried, the moss could be preserved for about three years. Some say it tastes like licorice.

Spring meant the end of a long winter which sometimes brought food shortages and starvation to the people. Spring meant new sources of food and the people celebrated the season with the First Fruits Festival, also known as the Root Festival. The ceremony still is observed among those on the Colville reservation.

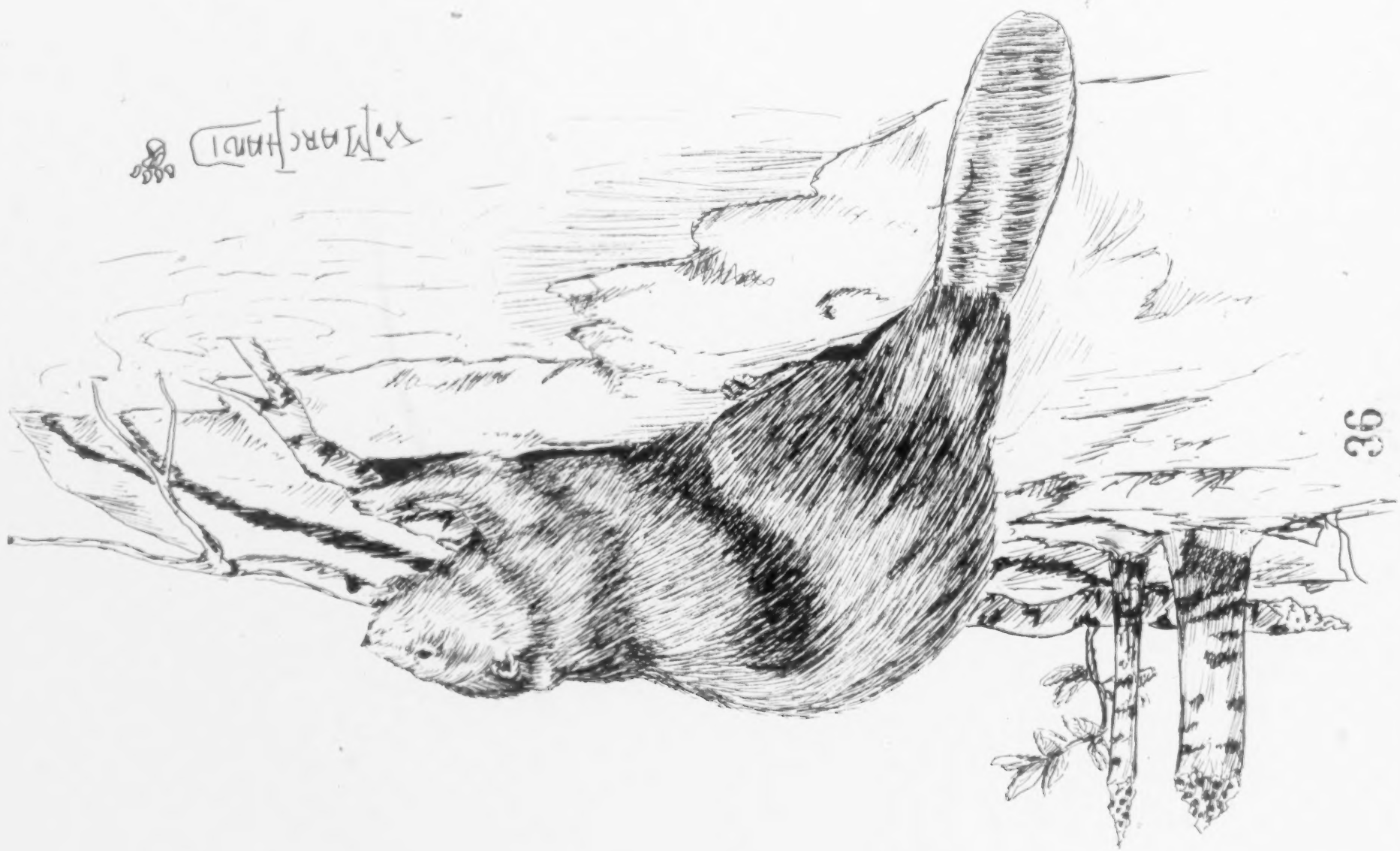
Often suckers and other fish, as well as the first roots and fruits of the season, were brought together into a feast to mark the coming of the abundant spring and food season.

The First Fruits Ceremony recalls the legend in which the animal people showed the first people what foods to gather to eat. It is a religious as well as festive occasion.

Today people of the reservation often gather foods and hunt game to supplement their diets, but dependence upon nature's food supply is augmented by farming and through regular incomes of families working in the farming and lumbering industries of the area.

Part II

Legends of Coyote and the Colville



The Chief called his animal people. From all parts of the world they came. By the time the day was over, the animal people were all with Him. The Chief told them there was to be a change. A new kind of people was coming to live. "All of you must have names. To be kept by you and your children forever. In one year I will come back. I will name you then, and I will make a person to take care of you and be your leader. Until then, there is only one law. But it is two laws. Do not think in your own thoughts until I have named you. If one of you thinks for himself, you will lose the person. Now I am gone. Good day."

The animal people scattered. They learned from their Chief and always knew what each other was thinking. In one whole year around, all the animal people remembered all at once to meet with their Chief again. "We know enough from Him, but tomorrow there will be a person-to-be in charge of us." This is what they thought. But at this time one of the animal people turned from the Chief's law. Coyote began to think his own ideas.

"If I could get the first name, I will be the most powerful one. I will be a worthless creature if I end up with the last name. I must stay awake all night so I will be the first one at the meeting tomorrow morning," thought Coyote. Darkness came. Coyote walked and walked. Soon he was tired and sat down to rest. He was so sleepy that he quickly got up and leaned against a big tree. His feet ached from standing. Then Coyote lay down on the ground but he knew he would soon fall asleep. "I have to keep my eyes open all night," decided Coyote, for he had learned that he slept when his eyes closed.

Coyote turned to some thick bushes. He broke off two twigs. With these he propped open his eyelids. "I can't go to sleep if my eyes are open," he chuckled. Poor Coyote! He fell asleep and never

woke until noon the next day. When he did awake, his eyes were so dry that he couldn't see anything. Coyote crawled around until he heard a creek. With water from that creek, Coyote wet and washed his eyes until he could see again. He looked at the sky and saw that it was noon. He jumped! "I have lost the first name! The last name will be on me and I will be worthless!" Coyote ran off like he was flying, to get to the meeting place, the lodge of the Chief.

All the animal people had come early in the morning. The Chief named each and told the people where to live. All the fish and all the birds each was named. He named all the trees and all the plants. When he was finished, Blue Jay turned to the Chief. "I am very small and I have a great big name. I want to trade names with Eagle. His name fits me. He is big and the name, "Blue Jay" will fit him." Then Meadowlark told the Chief he wanted to trade names, too, with the Grouse. The Chief turned to these two and said, "I have named you. It is forever."

Coyote got to the meeting place that evening. All the animal people were sitting on each side of the Chief. Coyote looked around and then he spoke to the Chief, "I want the first name to be on me." The Chief told him that it was too late, that he had only one name left and only Coyote to name. "Let me hear that name," said Coyote. "Coyote." Coyote looked at great big Grizzly Bear. "What is his name?" Coyote asked. The Chief told him Grizzly's name. "I am too small to have a great big name like 'Coyote'. Let me have the small name, 'Grizzly'. He is big and he should have the Great BIG NAME, 'Coyote'. It fits him." Coyote looked at Grizzly Bear and said this three times. Each time he said his own name, Coyote would say it very loud. When he said Grizzly's name, he would say that very soft and slow. He did this to make the Chief and Grizzly both believe him.

Finally the Chief spoke. "I gave the law that no one would think their own thoughts until I named all the animal people. Today I would have made a person with my own hands to take care of you. But today, three broke my law. Three did their own thinking. Coyote, Blue Jay and Meadowlark. Now you will be without a leader for years and years. You will have to take care of yourselves." The Chief then reached into his right side, under his blanket, with both his hands. He pulled from his side a very different-looking creature. "I will put this creature in the water to live and be washed for years and years, for you have made it dirty with your own thinking." This creature swam and the Chief named him, Beaver. "Beaver will grow and become the biggest of you all. He will be very strong. One

day one of you might catch this creature I have hidden in the water, and that one will make the person with his own hands."

"Keep smart and strong and one of you will catch this creature. When you do, remember! There are to be twelve tribes. Cut Beaver's flesh into twelve parts and take each piece of flesh to its place on the face of the earth. I have given all my breath to you. Lay the flesh on the ground and give it half your breath. Then wake the person and give it half your power. Show it what to eat and drink. I am by you. Now I am gone." The animal people watched their Chief go. Then they scattered everywhere to their new homes.

Coyote watched until all the animal people were gone. He thought, "Now is my chance to trade names with Grizzly Bear." So Coyote ran behind the hill Grizzly climbed to meet Grizzly on the other side. He waited until Grizzly came. "Sit down and talk awhile." "What is on your mind, Coyote?" "We can trade names now." Grizzly told Coyote, "We can't trade names without the Chief." But Coyote just laughed and told him that it was easier to trade names now. "I don't want to trade names just by ourselves, Coyote." "The Chief won't know. No one can tell him." Three times Grizzly told Coyote "no" and yet Coyote kept on, until Grizzly was very angry. "You quit talking to me now and go away." "But these names are ours. They don't belong to the Chief." Grizzly tried to walk away but Coyote would run in front of him. "Don't be afraid, Grizzly. I'm not going to hurt you." "I know you can't hurt me, Coyote. I just want to get away from you. You talk wrongly." "No, I am right and you just don't know what I have said to you." Grizzly became so angry with Coyote that he almost killed him. Suddenly, the Chief was sitting, right there in front of them!

"Grizzly, you better go now. You can stay with me, Coyote. I want to talk to you." Coyote was afraid of the Chief's words. He stood there, shaking. "I see now that you are smarter and wiser than the others, Coyote. You know you lost the person I was going to make today. You thought your own thoughts. But you are more powerful than the other animal people. I will make you head of all the creatures. But all of them will become bad, Coyote. They will fight and eat each other as eaters-of-people and water monsters. All the mountains, rivers, sticks, lakes and canyons, the grass and the whole country, Coyote, from ocean shore to ocean shore will become bad."

"I will give you some powerful help, Coyote." The Chief reached into his side and took a small book from it. He put this book in Coyote's heart. "I give you this. I am thinking for you in your heart.

Whatever you wish now will be yours. Think what you do not know and you will know it." Then the Chief told him, "To Fox I will give the power to walk over you when you are dead and bring you back to life. The eaters-of-people and water monsters will kill you. But Fox will be able to awaken you. Then you will judge with your own judgments all the creatures. They will then do what you tell them. You will be a traveler and go over all the country, doing this work I have given you. When you are finished, we will meet on the east side of the country, on the ocean shore. If you have done well, you will make the first person. If you fail, there will be no person for years and years." The Chief left Coyote.

Coyote did not know which way to go. He went anyway. Mountains did swallow creatures. The wind blew them away. Coyote would rescue the creatures when this happened. He stopped everything in the world: sun, moon, wind, rivers, mountains. Whenever they did wrong, they were stopped by Coyote. One winter, North Wind killed many. Coyote told him, "You can only kill those who make fun of you." Coyote did not know about death then. No one had ever died. When Coyote was killed by one of the bad creatures, Fox came. He stepped over him three times and bring him back to life. Coyote would then judge the bad creature. He did his work for years, until he had finished. He remembered then that he was to meet the Chief on the East ocean shore towards the north.

The Chief was there, waiting for Coyote. Coyote thought, "I do not know what to do or say. I am lost again. I will make him believe that he is my younger brother. He won't be able to kill or judge me then." So when they met, Coyote said to the Chief, "I have not seen you for a long time, my younger brother." "I am the Chief, myself. I am not your younger brother." "Yes, I know your name. Since you were little and our parents camped over there, not far from where we are standing. You could hardly walk then. I packed you around when we played, my younger brother, Chief."

The Chief looked at Coyote for a long time. He then handed him two white feathers. "Hold one feather in each hand, Coyote, and point to the hill. If you are more powerful than me, make that hill move three times." Coyote took the feathers and held them, one in each hand. He pointed toward the hill and made it move to the right. Before Coyote could boast of this, the Chief reminded him that he had to move the hill back again. Coyote tried and tried to make the hill move again but he could not do it. He knew that he had lost the person again!

"I told you, Coyote, that I am the Chief. I am going to judge

you now. You would have made that human this day with your own hands. But you have lost it again. Go and walk on the water towards the north. I will meet you in the middle and then I will pick a place and a home for you to live." Coyote looked at the water and he was afraid. He thought, "No one can walk on top of the water." The Chief heard Coyote's thought. "If you don't take my words now, I will destroy you." Coyote went. When he found that he would not sink, he became bold. Now all the creatures knew that Coyote and the Chief met this day and they could listen to all that happened. Coyote knew this and began to sing his own song, "Ya-ah-ahe, Ya-ah-ahe." In the middle of the water, the Chief and Coyote met.

The Chief chose for Coyote his place. "You see your home so green, with flowers all around? This will be yours, your place, right here. The Chief then hung a black suit of clothes in the north end of Coyote's home. In the south end, he hung a suit of white. "You will wear your black suit of clothes for half the year and it will be cold and wintry then. When you wear your white suit of clothes, it will be warm and things will grow." Then the Chief and Coyote sat and ate together. The Chief showed Coyote which foods to eat and told him that he would always have plenty.

"I will give you the power never to grow old, Coyote. You will think it is only a minute before we meet again. I will take you back to be a traveler when we meet again. But now there will be humans on the land where you used to live. You decided the laws, once, but you lost. Now the laws will be different. Another creature will make the human now." The Chief left Coyote. But they will meet again. Now he is there. The Chief established his home far from the water. All the creatures knew of this. And there Coyote stays. Coyote is only his nickname, though. When he sees you, he might call you "Nephew", for he is your uncle.

Young Wolf Catches Beaver

And so the great Beaver lived in the water under Moses Mountain. Under the lake at Nespelem was the Beaver. Little beavers swam around making a home for the great Beaver. Many years passed. Four Wolf Brothers were then living southwest of Spokane. The youngest brother was the most powerful for he could catch anything with his own hands. He was strong. All the animal people knew this. They thought, "He is the one to catch the Beaver." But no one could tell the youngest Wolf to do this. That would be wrong.

And the animal people were afraid to try to catch Beaver themselves, less they lose the people again.

One day the oldest Wolf brother thought to himself, "My youngest brother is the one to catch the great Beaver. With his own hands, he will make the people." But oldest Wolf brother could not tell his young brother to do this, either. "In the lake great Elk lives. He never comes from under the water during the day. But he comes out at night to graze on the land. I will wish out loud so young brother hears me. I will wish for great Elk's horns." Oldest Wolf brother did this to help young Wolf.

Youngest brother heard his oldest brother's wish the next day. "We will go to great Elk's lake and grazing place. I will catch great Elk for you." This lake was northeast of Spokane, and that very day the two brothers started out. When they got to the Elk's lake and grazing place, they watched and waited until it was almost dark. He came out of the lake when it was dark. Young Wolf took one great jump. He caught Elk and threw him to the ground. He cut off Elk's head and handed it to his brother. Then he told his oldest brother, "You start towards the highest hill. I will come. I want to watch the lake for awhile." So old Wolf left his young brother standing by the water. Soon lightning stirred under the water. It flashed and flashed. Young Wolf became so excited that he dropped his knife. He ran towards the highest hill. The water waved and followed him.

When young Wolf reached the high hill where oldest Wolf was, he pulled rye grass and put it around the two of them in a circle. The water came higher and higher but it never touched the rye grass circle. So they did not drown. When the water went back to the lake, the two Wolves started home with Elk's head.

The next morning, the oldest brother again wished out loud. "Oh I wish I had great Beaver's teeth to make myself a knife." "I heard you wishing, oldest one. Make four spears. One four-pointed spear, one three-pointed spear, and one two-pointed spear. Make a one-pointed spear for me. Tonight we will go to the great Beaver's dam near Moses Mountain." Oldest brother was very happy. He hurried and made the four spears. He was finished that afternoon.

The four Wolf Brothers reached Beaver's dam in the evening. Youngest Wolf ripped a hole in the dam and many little beavers came running out. The little beavers got bigger and bigger. They watched until, around midnight, oldest brother cried, "That is the one!" He grabbed his spear but his brothers told him, "No, that is not the great One. When you see that Beaver, you will be scared

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to death." Oldest one just said, "I am too brave to be scared." And so they waited some more. It was almost morning.

Great Beaver started to move under the water. Lightning sounded. Again and again it flashed. Oldest Wolf brother became very frightened. "I don't want Beaver's teeth. Let's go." He turned to run. But he became stuck and couldn't move any part of himself but his mouth. Oldest Wolf hollered and cried. He told his youngest brother, "Don't take a spear to Beaver. I don't want his teeth." But the young Wolf did not listen. He just waited for the great Beaver to come.

The young Wolf told his three older brothers, "When Beaver comes, he will drag me down the river towards the Big Water. You go up to the top of Moses Mountain and watch Crab Creek Hill (Skutene Hill near White Bluffs?) for three days. If you see that hill cut open, you will know that I am alive. I will be packing Beaver on my back and it will be his tail that splits the hill in two. But if the hill does not split open in three days, know that I am dead. If I do come, I will meet you at the mouth of Nespelem Creek, on the northwest side."

Suddenly the great Beaver came! From under Moses Mountain he came. Young Wolf threw the four-pointed spear. It broke to pieces. The three-pointed spear shattered too. Young Wolf then threw the two-pointed spear and it caught hold. Then it too broke to pieces. All he had left was his own one-point spear. When he threw it, it caught hold. It did not come out! Young Wolf grabbed hold of it and Beaver dragged him down the Columbia River to the Big Water ocean.

The animal people knew all this was happening. They hurried to the meeting place to wait. The animal people believed in young Wolf brother. They believed he was powerful enough to catch the great Beaver! The three Wolf brothers went up to the top of Moses Mountain and looked at Crab Creek Hill. They watched and waited. Two days passed. Still the hill was one. It had not cut open with Beaver's tail. Each day oldest Wolf brother cried for his young brother.

On the third day, oldest Wolf said, "It is no use. Our own youngest brother has left us forever." His face and eyes were so swollen from crying that he could hardly see. Old Wolf went off and sat by himself, away from the others, to wipe away his tears. He looked once more towards Crab Creek Hill. He rubbed his eyes. Was that hill cutting open? "Look! The hill! It's cut open now!" They all

ran down the mountain, down to the mouth of Nespelem Creek, down to wait for young wolf.

Big Beaver had dragged young Wolf a long way. The hills and big pointed rocks would shout to Wolf, "Please catch hold of me so you don't die!" But each time young Wolf tried to hold on to these hills and rocks, they just broke to pieces. They couldn't help him! Then two little weeds whispered to young Wolf, "Hold on to us, grandchild!" But Wolf paid no attention. He thought, "They're too small. They're only little weeds." But he was almost to the Big Water ocean now. "You are my last chance, little great-grandmothers." The little weeds said, "We are ready!" Young Wolf reached out and caught hold of the two little weeds. He felt the great Beaver jerk and almost stop! So he grabbed on to a whole armful of little weeds. The great Beaver was stopped!

Beaver tried with all his power to get loose. Young Wolf held him tightly and the two little weeds held on to Wolf with all their might. Beaver died. Young Wolf then pulled the Great One to the river shore and lay him on the ground. He turned to his two partners. "I am going to pay you, great-grandmothers." He gave a gold earring to the one little weed. On the other, he placed a silver streak to wear from her leg to her crown. His two friends wear these gifts. The two little weeds still live along the water. Some call them "hops" and "horsetails".

Young Wolf went to the mouth of Nespelem Creek. There he saw the big crowd waiting for him. As he lay the great Beaver down, the body flattened the ground. He then told the animal people to go and pull rye grass and bunch grass and to lay it on Beaver's body. "I pay the Beaver these plants to save my life," he explained. "Tonight we will camp here and talk around the fire. Everyone will tell what they remember of what the Chief told us about making people. I want to be sure before we start to cut Beaver's flesh. Tomorrow morning we will cut up Beaver's body."

All the animal people gathered around the fire. It was the evening of the third day. They thought and thought. Finally, one of the animal people spoke, "It's been too many years. We have forgotten what the Chief told us. We do not remember how to make a person with our own hands." That night they slept. Everyone was very sad.

In the morning, young Wolf turned to his people. "I remember the Chief's words. There are to be twelve lands with people. We must cut Beaver into twelve pieces of flesh and bring one piece to each land. Three of you will carry this flesh to its new land. Each of the three will blow half of his breath into the flesh. Then the per-

son will have three half breaths. One will suck any poison from the flesh that keeps the person from awakening. When the person wakes, you will show it what to eat and drink."

"Now we must select three fast runners to travel to the twelve lands." Bull Frog said, "Fox is fast." Turtle said, "Hummingbird must go." Then Badger spoke, " Blood Sucker (Horse Fly?) should be one of the three for he can suck out any poison from the flesh." The animal people agreed that these three, Fox, Hummingbird, and Blood Sucker, were the ones to carry the persons-to-be to their lands.

Young Wolf began to cut the great Beaver's body. He gave the first piece of flesh, the backbone, to the three runners and he told them, "Bring this to the Sun-Rise Land in the East." They did this. Then they shared their breath, removed the poison, and awoke the first person. It was a man. They told this man what roots to eat and showed him water to drink. "Later on, we will show you other things to eat."

The head of Beaver was to be the second person. Fox, Hummingbird and Blood Sucker carried the head to the Sun-Goes-Down Land in the West. This became a woman. There was no poison to remove. They showed her the roots to eat and the water to drink. They told her they would show her more foods later.

Beaver's left arm became a man in the East-South Land. His right arm became a woman in the North-West Land. Both arms had poison to be sucked out by Blood Sucker. The three travelers brought Beaver's left leg to the South-West Land, and it became a man. It had no poison to remove, but the right leg that the three carried to the West-North Land had poison to remove, and it became a woman. To Spoo-akinak they brought the left rib and it became a man, with poison to suck before they could awaken him. The right rib had no poison and it became a woman at Head Lake. The black liver of Beaver became a Nez Perce man in the Sha-hap-tan Land. It had no poison. Beaver's heart became a woman in the Methow Land. (Some say this is why the Methow people are so kind.) Blood Sucker worked before she could awake. The lung of the Beaver was carried to Shakay-joke Land where it became a woman with no poison.

Eleven Lands now had their people. Young Wolf worried, "There is one land yet to have a person. That is the Blackfoot Land. But all we have left of the Beaver is his blood. The Chief said there must be twelve people for there are twelve lands to have twelve tribes. We cannot leave a land without a person. But it is wrong to make a person from blood. It is dangerous. For that person will be a blood-

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shedder and a blood-spiller in all the country." The animal people talked this matter over. They decided that they would make that twelfth person. They sent the danger blood with the three runners. In the Blackfoot Land it became a man.

Their work was finished. People were made. Twelve persons from the flesh of Beaver's body were made and taken to the twelve lands to have tribes. The new people had three half breaths. So they were half-again as powerful as the animal people. The animal people had only half their breath left after giving to the people.

Young Wolf turned to the animal people. He told Them, "You must help the new people in all the countries." Later on the animal people showed the people the salmon to spear and the berries to pick. They told them how to eat. The animal people took some of the people to the middle of Lake Chelan and showed them red rock painting. The Chief had put these pictures of salmon traps and bows and arrows there so that the new people could learn.

And so I came back . . .

Animal People Steal Fire

Once, Eagle flew high. The wind carried him higher and higher than he had ever flown. Eagle went so high he reached the Upper World Land. He saw a fine country, there, full of wonders. Berries were thick on the bushes and the hunting was easy—without killing. And there was Fire!

When Eagle returned, he told the animal people about this land. This was before people were made, and the animal people worried. "Sometime we will have the person that Coyote lost. The person will need Fire to cook with and to warm with, during the cold. But how can we make Fire?"

Coyote spoke, "In our land there is no place to get Fire. Only in the sky. Eagle says there are people there, and at one place they even make a salmon trap on the river. We must go and steal Fire."

"But, Coyote," said Grizzly Bear, "how can we get Fire? The sky is high. If those people see us, they will kill us, too, for we are creatures. They have not seen us before. How can we steal Fire?"

"Make bows and arrows. We will shoot an arrow into the sky so it sticks there. Then we'll shoot another arrow into that, and another and another. We will have a ladder to climb, then. When we get to the top of this ladder, we'll make a hole in the sky and climb through."

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And so the animal people made bows and arrows. Each shot his arrow into the sky. But no one hit the sky for it was too high. Some of the animal people even climbed high mountains and tried to get nearer the sky to shoot. No one hit the sky. About this time, Coyote got tired of all this. He went off alone to look for something to eat. Soon he met up with Chickadee who had a bow and arrow made out of elk rib.

"You better take that bow home to your father, Chickadee. He'll be looking for it."

"I have no father, Coyote."

"You must have found it, then."

"It is my bow, Coyote."

"You are too small to shoot that elk rib bow and arrow, Chickadee. Hand it to me and let me try."

Coyote tried to shoot the bow but he couldn't even bend it. He handed it back to Chickadee.

"How can a little boy like you, Chickadee, shoot this bow when a strong man like me can't?"

"Oh, I just do it. It belongs to me. I made it. I'm a man."

"If you are a man, Chickadee, shoot me. I will go over there. If you hit me, then I'll believe you."

Coyote walked off a short distance and told Chickadee to shoot.

"No, you are too close. Go way off, Coyote."

So Coyote walked farther and again he told Chickadee to shoot.

"If you want to learn how I can shoot, Coyote, walk farther."

Now Coyote was almost off over the hill. He laughed to himself when he thought of such a little boy trying to shoot him with such a big, thick bow. But he kept on walking. Coyote got to the top of the highest hill. He heard a s-s-s-s sound but he thought it was the wind in the trees. He listened a moment. Then he started trotting again. Suddenly he heard that sound again. It was closer. "It must be the pine trees," Coyote thought. A third time he heard it, but the arrow went through him the fourth time. He fell, dead!

Chickadee flew quickly to where Coyote lay. He wanted to take his arrow out of Coyote but he thought, "Oh, it will stink!" So Chickadee left his arrow. Coyote lay there, rotting, for three days.

Now Fox knew of this. The Chief had given him the power to know when and where Coyote was dead. So he walked to Coyote and woke him from death. He walked over him three times. This

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was the first time Fox was using his power to know and wake, since the Chief had given it to him.

Coyote opened his eyes. He rubbed them and looked at Fox.

"What's the matter with you? Here I am sleeping and you wake me up!"

"Sleeping? Ahh! Look at the worms crawling all over you, Coyote. Sleeping? Why, you've been dead for three days! You made fun of Chickadee and he shot you from far away with his elk rib bow. You better not go bothering Chickadee again, Coyote. He has more power than any of us. Chickadee is going to shoot the sky!"

Coyote got up. He was quiet after Fox had spoken to him. The two of them hurried off to where the animal people were. They hurried to see the little boy shoot the sky!

The animal people shot arrow after arrow. But none of their bows were strong enough. Their arrows all fell back down to the ground. Chickadee watched and he waited until everyone had tried. Then he began to string his bow. The animal people looked at him. Did he think he would succeed when they all had failed?

Chickadee drew his bow back as far as it would bend. He shot a short, stubby arrow. It stuck in the sky, good and hard. Chickadee had only four arrows and they were small and light. He shot one after another and they stuck one into the other. Then Chickadee shot all of Coyote's arrows. He used all the animal people's arrows. And so this little boy made a long straight ladder. His ladder of arrows went from the ground right into the sky!

Coyote said, "When we get up there, we must hide. If the people see us, they will kill us." Grizzly Bear added, "The smallest animals can climb first, then the bigger ones. I am the biggest and I will go last."

"No, Grizzly, you must stay here and watch our ladder. You are strong and you can stop any creatures who come to harm our ladder."

So one by one the animal people climbed their ladder of arrows. But Badger, Groundhog and Ground Owl hid in a hole while the others climbed. They were afraid to go up and fight the people.

Grizzly started thinking to himself after the animal people had all climbed up. "I'm going up, too. If my people get into trouble, they do not know how to fight. I must help them. And they might be up there for a long time and get hungry. I will take some food along." So he started to collect some foods.

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Now Grizzly had a big stomach. He forgot that the others did not eat as much as he did. So he was not satisfied to take a little. He gathered a big pack of food, wild rhubarb, skunk cabbage, and all the foods he liked to eat. He had such a big pack that he could hardly get it on his back.

Grizzly began to climb the ladder of arrows. The arrows creaked and groaned under the great weight of Grizzly and his pack. But he climbed higher, and each time Grizzly took a step, he pulled out one of the arrows. Suddenly there was a CRASH! Down came Grizzly, down came all his food, and down came the last of the arrows!

Grizzly was very angry! But he was more ashamed. He went away. Later, when the animal people would find out who destroyed their ladder of arrows, none would be his friend. Grizzly is still angry at all the animal people.

When the animal people reached the sky, they climbed through. Each one made a hole when he climbed through. When the big creatures climbed through, they left very big holes. After this, the animal people went a little way and came to a river. "Let's follow that river until we come to the salmon trap. The camp of the people will be near that!" said Coyote. The animal people did this. Not far up the river they saw lots of people. The animal people hid and held a meeting.

All night the animal people talked of how they could steal the Fire. It was morning, but still dark, when they decided. Frog and Watersnake would go and see what the people were doing to make Fire. "If the people see you, you two will be able to jump into the river."

Frog and Watersnake started out. Frog led the way. Watersnake touched Frog's foot in the dark. Frog tasted good! Watersnake told him to hurry or it would be light. But Frog told him to be quiet, "The people will hear you!" Snake tried to hurry Frog along three times. Each time he was told to be quiet! Finally, Watersnake swallowed Frog. Frog never cried out, though. He kept his own word and did not cry. He was afraid of the people.

Watersnake turned back. When the animal people saw him, they asked him where his partner was. Snake could not answer. Snake had lost his speech. All he could do was stick out his tongue. Coyote looked at his big belly and said, "He swallowed him."

Coyote looked at Dog and Dung. "You go and see how these people make Fire. You run fast, Dog. So if these people see you two,

take up and run fast with your partner." So off Dog and Dung went, Dung first, with Dog following him.

They came near the camp of the people. Dog smelled his partner. He smelled good! So Dog took a bite of him. Then he told him to hurry. Three times Dog told Dung to hurry. Each time, Dung would say to Dog, "We have to go slow." Dog soon ate his partner. He hurried back to his people then.

The animal people asked Dog where Dung was. Dog licked his chops. All he would say was, "I licked him." Coyote watched him and said, "No, Dog, you ate your partner, all of him. That's why you're making your tongue go like that."

Coyote looked at three of the animal people. They were the good and the handsome ones. Coyote spoke to them, Eagle, Redheaded Woodpecker (the big one who lives in the mountains) and Beaver. "You three will go. But you must get the fire.!"

The three handsome ones made plans. Beaver said, "I'll go last. I will bring back the fire." Eagle told him, "I'll fly close to the people and watch you, my partner." "And I will sit in a tree close to those people, Beaver. They can shoot at me but they can't hit me. I can run around the tree," said Redheaded Woodpecker.

Beaver said, "I will lie against the salmon trap and make myself like dead. The people will take me to their camp, where they roast the salmon. They will try to skin me. Before they finish with me, Woodpecker, you make your sound against the tree. You fly by, Eagle. When they go after you two, I will put my skin on and steal the fire."

So the three agreed and off they went to the Upper World People's camp. Beaver swam all the way. When he came to the salmon trap, he lay on it and made himself as though dead. When the sun went up, the people came to catch the salmon. One saw Beaver in the middle of the trap.

He shouted to the others, "We have a new creature here, with good wool on his back."

Three of the people got Beaver and brought him to the others. They wondered and worried how Beaver had come there from the Lower Country. Three men hurried to skin him. Their chief told them, "When you skin him, don't cut his hide. Throw away all the flesh for it will rot." So the skinners slit open the limbs and belly of Beaver to his head. Beaver's skin was all off except on one side of his mouth.

Beaver worried, "As soon as they take my hide, I will be dead!"

So he bit the corner of his mouth so it would be hard to skin him there. Nobody was watching for Redheaded Woodpecker and Eagle flew by. Woodpecker sat on a tree and made his noise. The skinners ran with their bow and arrows to shoot him. None of their arrows hit Woodpecker, though. He ran around the tree, up and down and all around.

Eagle flew by, circling high above the tree where Woodpecker ran. The people tried to shoot Eagle, but he just flew higher and higher. Beaver rolled around in his hide. He used his power to heal his hide to his flesh. Then he ran to the fire and put some coals under his fifth finger nail. Eagle and Woodpecker saw him do this. They flew way up into the sky and gave their calls, ka ka ka ka, and harr, harr. Beaver dove into the river, deep down under.

All the animal people heard Woodpecker and Eagle give the signal. Beaver and all the creatures ran for the ladder of arrows. It was gone! Coyote said, "Someone must have killed Grizzly and destroyed our road. You birds can fly down. The rest of us will have to jump!"

Beaver threw the fire to Magpie. Magpie was pure white but the fire burnt him so he threw it to Robin. Robin scorched his breast. He burnt so he threw it to Skunk. Skunk rolled on the fire. He burnt, too, and all he has left of his white coat are a few stripes. He threw it back to Beaver. Eagle and Redheaded Woodpecker took Beaver down, so he would not get hurt and lose the fire.

Bat took his blanket and jumped down. He was so excited that he forgot to use his wings. He hit the ground so hard that he smashed and flattened himself. He can still fly fast but now he is ugly. He was once a handsome one.

Fawn saw Spider Woman fixing her rope to get down. She did not have very much. He told her, "If you let me down on your rope first, I will get you enough for always." Spider agreed and wound him up like a cocoon. She flung him down. When he reached the ground, he put "Indian Rope" in her basket and tugged on her rope. She pulled her basket up. Spider has lots of web now, for little Fawn gave it to her.

Sucker jumped at what looked like a patch of shiny blue water. It was really a rock on the river bank. When she hit the rock, her bones smashed. High water came and washed Sucker down the river. The water woke her but she was never the same after that. She still has splinter-like bones and is hard to eat. Her nickname became, "choking-fish."

All the animal people who could not fly jumped. Some jumped

for land, others jumped for water. Coyote was the last one to jump. He had no partners to help him. Coyote was alone. "If I hit the ground, I will die," he thought. So Coyote took power from a rock and he became a rock. "When I hit the ground as a rock, I won't get hurt."

Coyote jumped. Soon he fell faster and faster. He was afraid, "I will be a smashed rock when I hit the ground." So he took Pine Tree's power and became a pine needle. This slowed his fall, but only for a moment. Soon he began to fall fast. He was falling so fast again that he wondered which power to take to get down. Then he took the power of Cottonwood Tree's dust. Up he was taken by the wind, higher and higher back towards the Upper World Land. "How am I going to get down?" Three times Coyote wished for power. Then he knew that he should become a leaf. As a leaf he came down, slowly like leaves fall.

When Coyote floated to the ground, he walked to find the animal people. All the birds were at the meeting place. But the creatures who could not fly were scattered, hurt and smashed. Coyote put them back together and patched them. First he made the fish alive.

Sucker had lost his mouth. Coyote took grease from Black Bear's flesh. This grease was like flesh and Coyote put it in Sucker's mouth. When Sucker awoke, he was ashamed to eat anything but mud on the bottom of the water. He is very greasy and he eats alone. When you look at him, he will turn around and hide his mouth.

Black Bear was the last one for Coyote to make alive. He patched and patched Black Bear. When he was finished, Black Bear was only half alive. "He must have a song to wake him," Coyote told the animal people. So they all sang their songs to wake Black Bear. But he was still half asleep. The berries in the rocks began to sing their song, then. It was loud and good. The animal people sang with Rock-Berry. Black Bear opened his eyes and awoke.

"That song is going to be his from now on. When the people are made, they will sing this song to him when they kill Black Bear to roast and eat. Then he will always come to life again." This is what Coyote told his people. This song became Black Bear's song, a prayer. Very few know this song, but when they see a bear being carried home, they sing this song for him.

The animal people wondered where to put the fire. Beaver still held the fire in his little finger nail. He spoke, "There was wood with this fire. We must put the fire back with wood." So Beaver chewed some trees and put coal inside the wood for all times. The people-to-be would make fire with wood. So Beaver is always chew-

ing wood. All the people would need fire, though. So the animal people divided it. Hummingbird and Horsefly flew in different directions with some of the fire. They carried it to the different lands to have people.

So I came back . . .

Coyote and Salmon

Once Coyote came to a creek. It was swollen high. He tried to swim across but the creek drifted him into the Columbia River. Coyote floated down to Celilo Falls. Five sisters lived there. They were birds, small plovers, and they had made a salmon trap. The salmon couldn't swim up river.

"I will break their trap and let the salmon come through," said Coyote. He changed himself into a wooden bowl and floated down to their salmon trap. One of the sisters saw and got the bowl out of the water. "It will be good to put our salmon in when we cook," she said.

Each morning the sisters would go to dig camas. Before they left, they would fill their wooden bowl with salmon so they would not have to cook when they returned in the evening, tired. But each evening they returned, their bowl was empty. Coyote was eating the salmon and growing stronger! This went on for two weeks. Finally, one sister said, "This bowl is no good. Our food disappears. Let's burn it."

When the sister took the bowl, Coyote changed into a baby boy on a cradleboard. The sisters wanted then to keep him as their little brother. But the youngest sister did not like this baby. Her sisters told her, "He is so little and helpless. He is still on the board!" So they kept this baby as their brother.

The next day, before they went to dig, the sisters tied their little brother to his cradleboard. They did this so he would not crawl down to the river and drown. As soon as they left, Coyote changed back into himself. He ate their salmon to get strong, then he went down to the river.

First, Coyote cut down some oak trees. With these, he made shields for his stomach, back, arms and legs, and feet. He tied the shields together so they covered his whole body. This took him quite some time. Then he went to break the trap and free the salmon, "I will dig a hole and let the fish through."

The five sisters were still digging camas. Then one sister broke her digging stick. "This is a bad omen. Something is wrong at home.

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Let's go back," she said. They hurried back, only to find their little brother gone and their trap breaking!

Coyote saw them coming and threw a basket over his head. The sisters ran along their trap and beat Coyote with their digging sticks. They hit him many times but couldn't hurt him. His oak and basket shields protected Coyote!

The salmon started swimming through. Their leader thought Coyote was very good for helping them. So the salmon followed him. Whenever Coyote stopped to rest, the salmon coming up stream would stop. They traveled for three days and Coyote got very hungry. He went down to the river bank.

"One of you salmon jump out. I want to eat," Coyote said. Salmon told him to call and one of them would come. "But you must find a good sandy place, Coyote, so you can catch us." But Coyote was hungry and he did not listen. He thought the salmon would get all dirty in the sand. So he went to a rocky place on the shore. He called the salmon. One big one jumped. Coyote fought to grab him. But the salmon was slippery and fell back into the water. Coyote then did as the leader of the salmon told him. And he caught three salmon.

After Coyote killed the salmon, he washed them out and built a fire. "When people are here, this is the way they will cut the salmon," said Coyote. He cut the backbone and slid it all out one side. Then he stuck the three salmon pieces on a stick, piercing them through the side. He placed the stick into the ground, facing the fire, to bake.

Fox and the four Wolf Brothers watched Coyote from a hill nearby. They were hungry. Wolf said, "Let's make Coyote sleep so we can eat his salmon." So the five of them blew a warm breeze and this made Coyote tired. He fell asleep. Fox and the Wolves then ran down and ate Coyote's salmon. They took salmon skin when they were finished eating, and they greased up Coyote's hands and mouth and nose. They did this so Coyote would think that he had eaten his salmon.

Coyote did not wake until sundown. He looked at his empty sticks. He smelled salmon grease and looked at his hands. He felt his face. He thought, "I ate but I am still hungry. I will get some more salmon." So once again, Coyote caught three salmon and roasted them. Again Fox and the Wolves blew him to sleep and ate his salmon. Then they changed Coyote. They stretched out his tail and slanted his eyes. They made Coyote's hands small and his nose long.

When Coyote woke, he felt more hungry. He looked at his empty sticks. A third time Coyote went to catch three salmon. But this

time he saw a strange creature in the water. He jumped back frightened. He looked again at his shadow. The Wolves and Fox laughed and laughed. Coyote knew then of their tricks. "Just you wait!" he told them.

Coyote tracked Fox and the Wolf Brothers all over the hills. Two days later he caught up with them at a lake. They were getting duck eggs. Coyote hid and watched them. They swam and gathered many eggs. Then the five tricksters dug a hole, put in stones and wood, and built a fire. When the rocks were hot, Fox put weeds on the rocks. He placed the eggs on top of the weeds and covered them with more weeds. Over all this, he put earth. Fox then dug a hole through all the covering and poured water down the hole. This way they steamed the eggs.

Coyote blew the four Wolf Brothers and Fox asleep. Then he ran down and ate their eggs. Coyote smeared egg yolk all over Fox's face and put egg-white on the Wolves' faces. He stretched out Fox's ears straight, and gave him a little face. Coyote gave each of the Wolf Brothers a long face and he made it ugly. Then he gave them big hands and Fox little ones. Leaving egg shells by each of the five, Coyote ran up the hill and hid.

Fox and the Wolf Brothers woke up and felt the egg shells. "We have eaten," they thought. Then the four brothers looked at Fox and at each other. They heard Coyote laugh, "Now we are even!"

Coyote then took the salmon to the mouth of the Yakima River. He went to the animal people there and held a meeting. Coyote told them, "If you let me have your prettiest daughters, I will leave some salmon here forever. If you don't, I will build a dam here and take my salmon with me." The animal people thought, "We want these salmon for the people-to-be, clear up to the head of our river." So they agreed to give their prettiest daughters to Coyote.

Coyote said to the salmon, "You will go up this water each year at this time. Do not look back at me for you will have your own leader now." The salmon took a leader and followed their own ways after that, spawning and raising many of themselves. The animal people were then able to catch salmon. Grizzly Bear, Black Bear, Otter and Mink—all could swim out and catch salmon.

The rest of the salmon traveled on with Coyote to the mouth of the Wenatchee River. He stopped there to talk with the animal people. When he asked for their prettiest daughters, they agreed. "I'll stay overnight, then. I will build a trap so the people-to-be can catch these salmon," Coyote told them. That night Coyote went to the river alone. Across the water he put flat rocks to stand on. The

next morning, he showed the animal people how to catch salmon from the trap of flat rocks. "When the people-to-be come, show them how to spear and how to use this gaff hook to get their salmon."

Coyote next went to the animal people on the Entiat River and held a meeting. They gave Coyote their prettiest daughters and Coyote taught them about the salmon. From there Coyote traveled to Chelan Falls where he was refused the pretty daughters. The animal people there laughed at Coyote, "We have plenty to eat! We don't want your salmon." So Coyote built a dam at Chelan Falls and left no salmon in Chelan Lake. "You will be hungry for these salmon," he told the people, "but you will have to travel to get them."

The animal people at the mouth of the Methow River knew Coyote was coming. They waited and gave their daughters to him. Coyote told them, "I'll take salmon right up to the head of your river." That night Coyote put a trap of flat rocks across their river. In the morning he told how to catch the salmon with a spear and gaff hook from the rocks. These animal people would teach the people-to-be. Coyote then started to bring the salmon up the Methow. He was nearly to the head of the river when he stopped the salmon. "It is too rough up ahead. If you go past here, salmon, you will be dead." Salmon did not go to the head of the Methow River after that.

It was hot and Coyote was very tired. He laid his spear against a high rock and lay down to rest. Coyote asked a pine tree to shade him and the blackberries to feed him. Cut into the rock is a picture of Coyote on his back. His spear is outlined on the high rock. The pine tree that shaded Coyote is still there.

Coyote came back to the Okanogan River, to Chiliwist Creek. The animal people there refused Coyote so he built a dam there. He was also refused at Loup Loup Creek near Malott, so he built a dam there. At Conconully Creek, the people gave their daughters to Coyote and left many of his salmon. This creek is known as Salmon Creek for it has many salmon. It is the only creek to have salmon on the Okanogan.

At Oroville on the Similkameen River, Coyote held a meeting with the people. They told him, "We have mountain goat for the people-to-be. He has lots of grease on his back neck and he is good to eat." Coyote built a dam there. He went to the mouth of Okanogan Lake. There he let only the little salmon (steelhead) go up. Chinook Salmon do not pass here.

From there Coyote traveled up the Columbia River. The animal people at Tumwater gave their prettiest daughters to him and he left lots of his salmon in their river. Then he made a slippery rock

on the bank for the children of the people-to-be to play on. Coyote even made a hole in a rock there to boil salmon in.

Then I came back . . .

Race Along the Okanogan River

Coyoté was camped across the river from Brewster, on top of the hills over there. These hills were the tipis. Coyote had a beautiful daughter. He said, "Who ever can beat her in a footrace around the Okanogan River can have her." She was a very fast runner. Fox and many of the animal people tried to beat her but she outran them all.

Mountain Goat, who lived near Rainier, heard of this. He called his two little brothers. The older of the two was named "Rotten Horn." Mountain Goat told him, "I will send you two to win this girl for my wife. To help you I have put some liquid in this horn. It is plugged on both ends. Now when you run, pour some in her foot tracks. Do this every so often and you will win the race." So the two young brothers came over. It took them all day.

They told Coyote what their mission was and he laughed. "How can you beat this girl who has beaten all the others?" he asked them. Coyote thought, "They take three or four jumps and then trot," and he laughed some more. But he told the two little brothers, "Camp here and we'll arrange the race tomorrow."

The next day the animal people gathered on Brewster Flat, on this side of the river. The race was to be run the length of the flat and back again, on both sides of Okanogan River. Someone hollered, "Go," and the girl took off running. The two goats were behind her. They made three or four jumps, then trotted. Well, she just went off and left them.

Coyote thought this was funny. He even laughed more when he saw the two little goats stop and squat. He wondered what they were doing as they stooped to pour their liquid in the girl's tracks. The two goats did this all the way to the circle and started back. On the other side of the river, the girl's feet started to hurt. They were sore and cramped. She could hardly walk. So the little brothers won the race.

Coyote gave his daughter to the two little ones. The next day they started out for Mt. Rainier. The girl could hardly walk on the steep rocks so the little goats gave her a pair of moccasins. She could walk anywhere! Soon they got to under the mountain, where Mountain Goat lived. The front entrance was covered with what sounded like a lot of rattlesnakes. They passed under this safely.

Blue Jay and Whiteshoe Rabbit lived with Mountain Goat. The girl stayed with the three goats and these two for about one year. Then she went to visit Coyote. She packed lots of food, dried meats, salmon, camas. When Coyote saw her packages, he thought, "They are little. I can eat that just myself. What is wrong with Mountain Goat, sending so little?" But when his daughter unwrapped the packages, Coyote saw there was enough food to feed a camp.

The next day the girl started back. Coyote wanted to go with her. She didn't want to take him, but he was stubborn and went. When they reached the high rocks, Coyote slid and his fingers bled.. Rotten Horn gave him moccasins and then he could go all over. They reached the front of Mountain Goat's home, and Coyote heard the sound of rattlesnakes. He was afraid. He jumped! They entered and it was so dark that Coyote could not see anything. Whiteshoe Rabbit knew Coyote's thoughts. He thought, "This is a bad place. It is dark." Whiteshoe Rabbit answered his thinking, "That is because it is Mountain Goat's place." Blue Jay put some liquid in Coyote's eyes so he could see.

That night Coyote slept with Blue Jay. He crowded Coyote so Coyote yelled, "Move over!" He punched him but still Blue Jay crowded him. In the middle of the night, Coyote got up and looked around. He saw beautiful blue rocks these people used to pound their food with. Coyote stole them and put them in his shirt. He went out what he thought was a door and walked and walked. Soon he was tired and lay down to sleep.

When Coyote woke in the morning, he was in the middle of Mountain Goat's place. Everybody was looking at him and laughing. Whiteshoe Rabbit told what he had done and Coyote's daughter was ashamed of his stealing and sleeping right in the middle of the floor where everybody could see him. That night Mountain Goat and his people sneaked off and left Coyote. They moved camp to Mt. Tacoma.

Coyote was asleep. It started to freeze ice in the place. Coyote thought the ice was Blue Jay crowding him. "Get out of here, Blue Jay. You're always crowding me!" he yelled. Soon Coyote was frozen in the mountain. When daylight came, Coyote knew the ice was not Blue Jay.

Woodpecker flew by. Coyote saw him and called him by name. Woodpecker did not see Coyote. He thought, "Ice does not know my name . . . I must be hearing things." Woodpecker flew to the ice and saw Coyote's shape, frozen into the mountainside. He started

to peck and soon pecked through the ice to Coyote's mouth. Coyote told Woodpecker what had happened.

Woodpecker got another bird to help. This little bird would pull in his wings and hit the ice with his body. Soon there was only a thin piece of ice holding Coyote. The two birds told Coyote, "You are too high up. If you fall, you will die." But Coyote told them he would take that chance. "I don't want to hang up here and freeze to the mountain again," he said. So the little bird hit the ice once more. It broke. Coyote fell and died.

Fox knew of this happening. He went to where Coyote lay dead. Fox stepped over him three times and awoke Coyote. "Aw, it's you again! Everytime I want to sleep, you come and wake me!" said Coyote to Fox. "Yes, it looks like you were sleeping. Some of your hair is falling out. And look at the maggots on your body!" answered Fox. Coyote looked and remembered.

Then I came back . . .

Owl and Chipmunk

Chipmunk lived with her grandmother, Whiteshoe Rabbit, here above Omak. One summer morning, Chipmunk told Rabbit she was hungry. "I will give you some dried salmon, grandchild." But Chipmunk cried, "No, my bottom end might become salmon." Rabbit then offered Chipmunk some dried chokecherries and dried deer meat. "No, no! My bottom-end will become that," said the hungry little girl. Chipmunk really wanted some service berries. She knew her grandmother had none for they were not yet ripe.

"I can make service berries ripe if I sing my song, grandmother." But Rabbit worried, "Spat-la, Owl-Woman will catch you and eat you up!" "I can run fast, grandmother." So Rabbit gave Chipmunk a picking basket made from the deer's hind hoof. Chipmunk tied this to her side and ran off singing, "Pa-ti-ti-ti-ti."

The little girl came to a service berry bush. The berries were only half ripe. Chipmunk crawled high up the bush, singing her song, "Pi paya'ga! Pi paya'ga!" Some berries ripened. Chipmunk ate these and sang her song again.

Owl Woman was camping nearby in the big brush. She heard the little girl singing. Spat-la got up and listened some more. "Ach ache," she said and followed the song to Chipmunk's bush. Chipmunk heard a bush crack very loud. She looked. Standing under the service berry bush was Spat-la! On her back was a big basket with

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cactus inside. Spat-la traveled from camp to camp, stealing children. When she was hungry, she would eat them!

Chipmunk was not frightened. She knew Spat-la could not reach her. Owl-Woman knew this, too. In her best voice, she said to Chipmunk,

"You better come down, grandchild. You might fall and hurt yourself."

"You are not my grandmother. You are black and ugly!"

"This morning when you left me, grandchild, I put pitchwood in the fire. It smoked me and made me black. I came after you because your mother wants you."

"I have no mother. She died long ago."

"Well, your father wants you, too, grandchild."

"I have no father. He died many snows ago."

"Your aunt wants you to come home."

"That is strange! I never had an aunt."

"Your uncle is looking for you, grandchild."

"I never had an uncle!"

"Your grandfather wants to see you."

"My grandfather died before I was born."

"It is your grandmother! I want you home."

Chipmunk knew it was Spat-la. She thought, "She can't catch me if I run fast." Then she told the Owl-woman,

"Put your hands over your eyes, grandmother. If you look at me when I come down, I will be sure to fall."

Spat-la did as Chipmunk told her. But she left a crack between her fingers to peek through. She pretended, "Oh, I can't see a thing! I am in the dark!"

Chipmunk did not trust Spat-la. She broke off some twigs and threw them down on her basket. Spat-la got up quickly and felt around with her ugly hands. She cried out, "lo-lo-lo-la," for she knew then that Chipmunk had fooled her. But she turned to Chipmunk, "I thought you fell! I hurried to pick you off so you would not be hurt." Chipmunk did not believe her. She then told Spat-la, "Dig a hole in the ground and lay in it. Put your basket over your head. Only then will I come down." Spat-la did this.

Instead of dropping from branch to branch to the ground, Chipmunk jumped from the top of the bush. As soon as she reached the ground, she ran over Spat-la. Spat-la jumped and reached with her ugly hands. Her fingers scratched Chipmunk down her back.

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From her nose to her tail, Chipmunk had long claw-stripes. Spat-la had ripped off strips of Chipmunk's soft fur. She would carry these stripes forever.

Chipmunk cried, "Pa-ti-ti-ti-ti," and ran as fast as she could. Spat-la tried to catch her but Chipmunk ran under a big log. She looked and looked for the little girl but she could not find Chipmunk. Chipmunk ran home. She was so frightened that all she could say to Rabbit was, "Spat-la! Spat-la!" Her grandmother could not understand her. She said, "Did you step on a thorn?" Chipmunk cried again, "Spat-la! Spat-la!" Then Rabbit saw Chipmunk's back. It was bleeding where Spat-la had clawed stripes!

Rabbit hurried and put her grandchild under some robes. But Chipmunk was still very frightened. She ran around under the robes. Rabbit said, "Spat-la will see the robe moving!" So she dropped Chipmunk in a berry basket. But Chipmunk only rattled the basket, making lots of noise. Rabbit tried to hide her in their salmon-bone soup, but the little girl almost drowned! Rabbit did not know what to do.

A voice came from a tree near the lodge. Meadow Lark sang, "Put her in an oyster shell." Quickly the grandmother put little Chipmunk inside two oyster shells. There was no rattling or shaking! Rabbit then took off her necklace. To keep Meadow Lark from telling where they had hid Chipmunk, Rabbit paid the lark with her necklace. Meadow Lark put on the necklace and flew away.

Spat-la followed Chipmunk's tracks. She smelled them to Rabbit's lodge.

"Where is the little girl?"

"I have seen no little girl since this morning."

"I smelled her tracks to here. You must be hiding her, Rabbit."

"Even if she did come, Spat-la, I could not see her. I am blind." Spat-la began to look around. She looked under the robes, in the berry basket and in the soup. Then the voice came from the tree again. Meadow Lark sang out,

"I will tell you, Spat-la, if you pay me."

"Here is a bright yellow vest. Put it on and tell me where the girl is."

"She's hiding in the oyster shell!"

"You heard Meadow Lark, Rabbit."

"Oh no, Spat-la! I am deaf."

"Hurry up and get her, Rabbit. I will eat you if you don't!"

Rabbit was scared. She took the oyster shells from under her pillow. She handed them to Spat-la. Owl-woman pushed Rabbit aside. She snatched Chipmunk from between the oyster shells with her sharp fingers. She cut Chipmunk open and took out her heart.

"Little girl's hearts are the best!"

"Oh, please, Spat-la! Don't break Chipmunk's bones when you eat her. I want to make some soup."

So when Spat-la ate Chipmunk, she was careful to not break the little girl's bones. She gave these to the old grandmother. She looked at Rabbit,

"Why are you so white, Rabbit?"

"Oh, the little girl you ate would gather pitch. We melted it on the fire and dropped it on my skin. When you take it off, you are white!"

Rabbit was fooling Spat-la! She showed Spat-la by melting some pitch and dropping it on her ugly, black skin. It burnt and stuck. When rabbit removed the drop of pitch, it had burnt Spat-la's black skin so it looked white. Spat-la believed Rabbit then and asked her,

"How can you make me all white, Rabbit?"

"You must gather lots of pitch. I will dig a roasting place while you are gone. I will gather dry sticks and put them in the hole. On top of the sticks we must place rocks. You will put your pitch on top of the rocks, and we will set fire under the sticks. Then we will dance, until the fire is good and hot."

"Why will we dance, Rabbit?"

"So you will not know when I am going to push you into the fire. You would be afraid."

"How long will I stay in the fire?"

"Until you are covered with pitch, Spat-la. If you roll around, it does not hurt so much. And when you come out, I will rub off the pitch. You will be white!"

"I can hardly wait! Build your fire, grandmother. I will fill my basket with pitch."

"Yes, Big Belly."

"What did you say, Rabbit?"

"I said, 'my friend,' Ugly Feet."

"What do you mean by "ugly feet?"

"That means you will soon be white as snow, Soon-to-Die."

"What does 'soon-to-die' mean, Rabbit?"

"You will be queen, Spat-la."

Off Spat-la ran to gather pitch. She would be a Queen!

As soon as Spat-la was out of sight, Rabbit took Chipmunk's bones. She laid them straight, on the ground. Rabbit then jumped over them three times. Chipmunk had a body, but she did not awake! Old grandmother weeped. Meadow Lark heard her crying and flew by. She sung, "Put a berry in her heart." Drying her tears, grandmother ran to Chipmunk's deer-hoof basket. She found a service berry and she put the berry in Chipmunk's breast. Rabbit sewed up the hole and stepped over Chipmunk three times. Chipmunk jumped up, awake! She still had the stripes on her back, where Spat-la had clawed her.

Rabbit told Chipmunk her plans to roast Owl-woman. "Go and get two long-forked saplings. When you come back, I will hide you. She and I will dance. When I push her in the flames, she will scream. You must run fast and we will hold her down, in the fire." So Chipmunk ran quickly to get two forked sticks. Now she would get even with the Ugly One!

When Spat-la returned, her basket was filled to the brim with pitch. She set it on the ground.

"Is everything ready, grandmother?"

"Yes, everything is ready."

Rabbit dropped in the dry wood, rocks and pitch. She lit the fire from the bottom. The fire got very big. Spat-la and Rabbit began to dance around the flames. They danced and danced. Spat-la grew tired and wanted to stop. But Rabbit told her that she must keep on dancing, "You are a good dancer." So Spat-la danced harder and harder. She staggered. They circled the fire three times. Spat-la got closer to the fire. Rabbit pushed her in!

Chipmunk ran out when she heard Spat-la scream. With their two forked sticks, Rabbit and Chipmunk held her down. Spat-la cooked and died. She burnt like pitchwood, smokey and black. Her eyes popped out and became two owls. They flew off. Rabbit and her grandchild covered her body with dirt, as you would a camas oven. Then they hid.

Soon Spat-la's three sisters came looking for her. The oldest sister saw the pit-oven. They dug it up. Youngest sister said,

"It smells like our sister."

"She is too strong and powerful to be killed," said the older sister.

"It is a human," said the oldest sister.

So the two older sisters began to eat what they thought was a hu-

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man. The youngest sister would not eat. Some hair then stuck to oldest sister's teeth. It was their sister's hair! They ran to the Okanogan River, below Riverside, to wash out their mouths. But their teeth fell out and became ducks. They swam away. The two older sisters then turned into owls. Only the youngest sister escaped.

Spat-la and her two sisters did not live to kill any more children. Rabbit told Chipmunk,

> "People will eat those ducks, but they will cook them first. And the youngest sister will just be for scaring little children. They will tell them, 'If you aren't good, Sneenah will get you.'"

Then I came back . . .

Coyote and the White Swans

Coyote traveled with his son, Top'kan. They came to a large lake, with si-mil'-ka-meen (white swans). Coyote sat his hungry son down on the green grass in the shade. "Sit and watch me dive to get some swan for our dinner," he told his son. So Top'kan watched his father dive into the lake.

Coyote kept under the water but the swans knew he was there. "Here comes Sin-ka-lip' . . . see his tail floating! Let him catch us and we will fool him," said the swan. As soon as Coyote touched them, they made out that they were dead. Coyote dragged them back to shore.

He lay four swan down where the little boy sat. Coyote then tied them to Top'kan and said, "I will climb the tree and get bark to cook our swans." He climbed a pine tree to get the pitch-top, where Porcupine had gnawed, for their fire.

The geese played dead but they watched Coyote. When he got to the top of the tree, he heard Top'kan cry. Coyote looked down. The swans flapped their wings and started to fly. They flew high with Top'kan! Coyote jumped to come down as fast as he could. He caught his long hair in the branches. He swung helpless. Coyote could not untangle his black hair!

The swans flew past the tree, past Coyote. Top'kan dangled beneath them as they flew up into the sky. When the swans were high in the air, they cut Top'kan loose with their teeth. He fell towards the ground. Coyote remembered his flint knife and chopped his hair braids loose. He dropped to the ground. Coyote ran to catch his son. He was too late! Top'kan dropped to the ground, dead.

Coyote looked at his hair hanging from the pine branches. "My hair will not be wasted. The people-to-be will gather you. Old wo-

men will make you into food." His long hair hangs, still, from the trees in the mountains. Skil-ip is the black moss people cook in pit-ovens.

Top'kan did not stay dead. Coyote stepped over his son three times. Top'kan awoke. They they returned to their country.

Then I came back . . .

Coyote and Buffalo

Coyote traveled over the plains, beyond the big mountains to a flat. There he found the skull of Buffalo Bull. Coyote was afraid of Buffalo Bull but he played with his skull. He threw it and kicked it and spat in the eye sockets. Many times Coyote did this, until he tired and started to walk away. Suddenly he heard the sound of thunder. He looked at the clear sky. He heard the rumbling again and again, but closer. Coyote turned around. Buffalo Bull was alive and chasing him!

Coyote ran fast. He could feel Buffalo's hot breath on his neck. Coyote begged his power to help him. Suddenly there were three trees in front of him. Coyote jumped to catch a branch of the first tree. He swung into the tree. Buffalo chopped at the tree trunk fast with his horns. It fell and Coyote jumped into the second tree. Again Buffalo smashed the tree cover. Coyote jumped into the last tree.

As Buffalo hacked the third tree with his horns, Coyote said,

"My friend, let me smoke my pipe. Then I can die content."

"You may have one smoke, Coyote."

Coyote called his power then. It gave him a pipe, lit and filled with kinnikinnick, the roasted leaves of the Bear Berry that grows on high mountain ridges. Coyote puffed his pipe once. Then he held it out to Buffalo Bull.

"I will not smoke with you, Coyote. You trampled my bones."

"Do not kill me, my friend. I will make you new horns. Your horns are old. They are dull and worn."

Buffalo Bull let Coyote down to make new horns. Again Coyote called his power. It gave him a flint knife and some pitchwood.

Coyote carved two fine heavy horns with sharp points. Buffalo Bull liked his sharp black horns. The bulls wear these still. Then Bull saw his old enemy, Young Buffalo, who had stolen his herd. They fought. With his new horns, Buffalo Bull easily killed Young Buffalo. Bull then gave Coyote his youngest cow, to thank him.

"Never kill her, Sin ka lip'. When you hunger, cut off some of her fat with your flint knife. Rub ashes on her wound. Her cut will heal. You will have meat forever, Sin ka lip'.

Coyote promised Buffalo Bull he would never kill her. Then he started back to his own land with the young cow. They came by Coulee City, through Mansfield; down to Waterville Hill. At that time the Columbia River ran through Coulee Dam, to Dry Falls, down to Quincy. Coyote ate only the young cow's fat when he was hungry. But he tired of her fat. He thought of her sweet marrow-bones and her warm liver. Coyote began to think against the words of Buffalo Bull.

"This land is my land. I am chief here. Buffalo Bull's words mean northing here. He will never know."

He then took his young cow down beside a creek. He told her,

"You are sore-footed. Feed and rest here."

There Coyote killed her. He pulled her hide off. Crows and magpies came. Coyote tried to chase them. More came and they ate all young cow's meat. Coyote thought, "I still have her bones and marrow-fat."

An old woman came to Coyote's fire. She said to him,

"A brave chief should not do women's work. Let me cook the bones."

Coyote believed the old woman. He lay down and fell asleep. When he woke, he saw the old woman running off. She had the marrow-fat and the boiled grease. Coyote chased her but he could not catch her. So he gathered up the bones of young cow. He would boil them again in the basket and make soup. Coyote went down to the creek for some water. When he returned, the bones in the basket had turned to sticks!

Coyote returned to Buffalo Bull, to get another buffalo for his people. When he came to the Bull's herd, he saw Youngest Cow. She saw Coyote and was ashamed. Coyote tried to call Youngest Cow but he could only howl. Each morning and evening he howls for her still. Buffalo Bull would not give Coyote another cow. And Young Cow would not go with Coyote again!

Sin ka lip' then returned to his country with no buffalo. He was ashamed. His people were then living across from Brewster. There were two lodges on the hilltop. The people lived in one, Coyote's family lived in the other. That evening, when Coyote reached the hilltop, all his people were gone! They knew what Coyote had done

and they were ashamed of their chief. Coyote turned both lodges into large rocks. They are there, across from Brewster.

Then I came back . . .

Boy and Bear

Once a couple had a boy who was so mean, he got along with no one. One day the man said to his wife, "We'll go up and get our winter supply of meat. We will take our boy so he does not get into trouble." So they packed their canoe. They traveled up to the head of the Kettle River, to the camping grounds near White Mountain. There they put up their tipi.

Each day the father hunted. Each evening the woman would dry the deer meat. All their little boy would do was lick out the cooking pots and large horn spoons. His belly grew very big. But he would not mind his parents. He would not get water or fire wood. They stayed there all fall until they had enough dry deer meat for the winter. The man then said to his wife, "Tomorrow we will go home."

The little boy was happy! He would see his friends again. So he helped his dad pack the canoe. The next day, as they were leaving, the father turned to the boy, "You forgot your bow and arrow." "Oh no, I put it in the canoe first," said the boy. But the father pointed to the bow and arrow, leaning against the sweathouse. (That day the father had taken it and put it there.) The boy jumped out of the canoe. He went ashore and ran up the hill to get his bow and arrow. The father pushed the canoe off, leaving the boy. He turned to his wife, "We are going to leave our boy. We will not take him back among the people. He is too mean. Maybe he will learn to take care of himself up here." But the mother cried and cried. When the boy saw them, they were going around the bend in the river. He hollered, "Wait! Wait for me!" until the canoe was out of sight.

The boy decided he would have to get by the best he could. It was late in the fall. That night he slept in the sweathouse. During the night, a whole bunch of mice would come in and the boy killed them. By morning he skinned the mice and sewed the skins together into a blanket. All winter the boy stayed in the sweathouse. His father had left some dried roots and deer meat. This is what he lived on.

Spring came. The boy set out with his bow and arrow to find his people. Soon he came to White Mountain. He saw a mother grizzly with her two cubs on the mountain side. The cubs played while mother grizzly dug roots. The boy thought, "I have nothing to live

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for. My mother and father do not care for me. They left me to die. I will let grizzly eat me." So the boy lay down in their path.

The two cubs came along. When they saw him, they shouted to their mother,

"We found us a brother!"

"You don't want this lazy boy. His parents left him to die. All he is good for is licking pots. Let's go."

As they left, the boy got up and ran around them. He lay down in their path again. The two little cubs told their mother they wanted him for their brother. Again she said no, and they walked on. But the boy ran around and lay in their path once more. Mother Grizzly then said,

"Alright. He can stay. But you cubs will have to work. Pack a lot of water from the river. We must wash him out."

Grizzly ripped open the boy with her claws. All the pots and spoons inside of him fell out. Each time he had licked a pot or a spoon, there would be one in his belly. The little cubs brought more river water. After Grizzly washed and washed the boy inside, all he had was a little power inside to wash. His power was a small white weasel. Grizzly washed this, too. Then she sewed him up. She told him,

"You will hunt for your little sisters, boy. I fixed you for them. They will never hunger for meat."

So the boy lived with the bears in their cave. He hunted and killed birds and squirrels for his sisters to eat. They dug roots for him. The boy soon grew to be a man. The man grew restless and missed his people. He told Grizzly that he would return to his people. She told him,

"It is your decision. But when you go hunting, never kill little cubs. They will be your sisters. You can kill old bears like me, but never kill your sisters."

The little cubs cried. Grizzly made the man handsome. Then they took him down the Kettle River. It was spring. Many people were at the falls, catching salmon.

The man made a canoe and traveled to his people. The smell of people was so different to him, it made him sick and he passed out. The people saw him. They put him in a buckskin robe and smoked him with xacxac root. When he came to, he was on the bank. He heard little children talking, "That's the little boy who was left on the mountain to die." The man asked about his father and mother. The children told him both his parents had died, ". . . but

your grandmother lives up on the hill with a little girl."

The man went to his grandmother's lodge. She was blind. All she and the girl lived on were the scraps and berries and roots that the little girl could find. Grandmother was very happy he was back. He told her, "You will worry no more. I will hunt for you. All you will do is dry the meat. You will hunger no more."

The men in the village hunted everyday. Winter was near. But they found nothing. The chief of the village called all his young hunters together. The boy was not going to the meeting, but his grandmother told him, "You are a good hunter. We have never hungered since you came back. You must help the village." So the boy went to the chief's meeting. He agreed to lead the men to deer.

Each day when the young hunters went with the boy, they found deer. They brought back three and four deer a day, until there was plenty of meat for the winter. One day, while hunting, the boy and his friend saw a mother grizzly and two little cubs.

> "Why don't you kill the cubs and mother? We'll have that much more meat for the winter," said the friend.
>
> "We have plenty of meat. No need to kill them," the boy told his friend.
>
> But the friend kidded the boy, laughing, "That old mother bear and her cubs must be your wife and children."
>
> "Alright . . . if you want me to die. But I will kill them."

The boy killed the two little cubs. Then he went up to the mother bear and shot her. Mother Grizzly turned on him in anger,

> "I told you, Pil-pal-a-weet-zia, never to kill your little sisters! You did . . . and now I will kill you!"

Mother Grizzly then picked up the boy and tore him to pieces.

The bear then went up to her cave. She became sorry for having killed the boy. She thought, "It was not his fault. I will go and awake him." So Mother Grizzly gathered up his body parts. She mixed them with dirt and put the boy together. Grizzly healed the boy, saying,

> "From now on, you can kill me and you can kill your brothers. You have begun to kill us. It was because of your little sisters that you became a man. You can kill us now. I give you that power."

Then I came back . . .

Turtle

Eagle is very fast. He was the first one to have races so people-to-be could have them. He raced all the animal people and beat them. Even Fox and Wolf lost. They were all Eagle's slaves then. Eagle was Chief. Turtle lived with his partner, Muskrat. They were the only ones who did not race Eagle. They knew they could not run very fast.

One night Turtle dreamed. He was told, "You must race Eagle tomorrow to free the animal people. They must be free when the people-to-be come." In the morning Turtle told Muskrat,

"Get up. Go for a swim. Get ready. We must race Eagle."

"You can't beat him, Turtle! I can't beat him! He flies fast."

"I know. All our people lost. But my dream told me to race and win."

Together they went to Eagle's camp. Turtle told Eagle,

"I will race you tomorrow."

"Alright, Turtle. Tomorrow we will race when the sun goes up. If you win, the people are yours."

"Yes."

"But if I win, Turtle, I will keep you here. We are betting our lives on this race."

As Turtle crawled away, all the animal people laughed. They did not think they would ever be free.

The next day Turtle met Eagle to race him. Eagle told him,

"Choose your place, Turtle. I will race you any distance."

"Anyplace?"

"Our people hear me. Any place, Turtle."

"Then carry me up in the air, Eagle. I will tell you when to drop me. From there we will race. Whoever reaches the ground first, wins."

Eagle was worried. But he took Turtle high up. When Turtle yelled, "Let go!", Eagle dropped him. He fell like a rock. Eagle tried to catch him. Turtle stuck out his head,

"Eeeeee! Hurry, Eagle! I will beat you!"

Then Turtle pulled in his head and fell faster.

The animal people watched. They shouted for Turtle. Muskrat jumped around and his tail whipped in the air. His partner was winning! But Eagle was close. He thought, "Turtle will hit the ground like a rock!" Turtle did. But he stood up and told the animal people,

"I am Chief. You are free. Go where you like, animal people. Anywhere."

The people scattered. They would tell the people-to-be about the first races.

Turtle spoke then to Eagle,

"You know I can't always beat you, Eagle. But I dreamed. And I did beat you, now. I will not take your speed. You will always be the fastest one. You will catch what you want to eat. But the people-to-be will come. And they will dream."

After that the animal people could run races again. Frog ran but he always won. He could jump! He had a long tail then, and Turtle had no tail. But one night, Turtle dreamed again. His dream told him that his three brothers could help him beat Frog. So in the morning, they all went to Frog's camp. Turtle bet his life against Frog's tail,

"I want your tail if I win, Frog. Your tail matches my color and it is just the right size. It has no fur or hair on it."

"You cannot run, Turtle! But I will race you. Your life will be mine if I win."

The next morning they got ready to race. Turtle sent his three brothers to stand at different places along the race track. They hid and the race started. Frog jumped fast. Turtle was far behind. Frog did not see him when he stopped and hid. Turtle yelled to his first brother, "Whoooo," and his brother got up and began running. Frog was jumping fast. He looked up and saw the turtle in front of him! He ran faster and jumped. He passed him.

The first brother hid and called, "Whoooo." The next brother started running. Frog saw him and jumped past him at the turning point. That brother then hid. He called, "Whoooo," to the third brother who was close to the finishing line. He got up and ran. Frog ran fast and jumped hard. But he lost. Frog sat down quickly on his tail. He tried to hide it. Turtle told him,

"I want my tail!"

Frog just sat and sat. So Turtle pushed Frog's head down. He pulled off all of Frog's tail! Now frog has only half a backbone . . .

So Turtle beat both Eagle and Turtle. After that, he did a wrong. The big chiefs caught him. They told him,

"You must die, Turtle. We will burn you."

"Fire can't kill me! I was raised on fire. I live on fire."

"Then we will smash you, Turtle."

"Oh, I have been smashed many times. I never died!"

The chiefs tried to think of a way to kill Turtle. An old woman had come to Turtle's trial. She said to the chiefs,

"You chiefs don't know anything! Why, you can't even kill him. I will tell you how to kill Turtle. Look at his shell. It is heavy like a rock. Throw him in the river! He will drown."

The chiefs were ashamed that they had not thought of this!

Now Turtle was listening to this talk. When he heard the old woman's words, he cried. Turtle pretended to be afraid. He cried louder and louder. The chiefs then believed that this really was the way to kill Turtle. They dragged him to the river. Turtle pulled back. They threw him in, then, to drown.

Of course Turtle did not drown. He swam under the water. When he was across the river, he sang his song. Again Turtle won! He still lives there by the river. After that, women were quiet at important gatherings.

Turtle went on and raced Rabbit and Bear then. He beat both and won their tails. Skunk heard of these races. He had no tail. He thought he would race Turtle and win the tails of Rabbit and Bear. So Skunk and his partner, Badger, got on their little white horse. They went to Turtle's camp. Turtle did not want to race Skunk. Skunk had strong medicine. He could kill people with his power. His odor was his bad power. When Turtle refused, Skunk got angry,

"I came far to race you on my little horse!"

Turtle was afraid. He knew he did not have a chance. So he ran a race with Skunk. Skunk won.

Turtle gave him the tails of Rabbit and Bear. Skunk did not take Turtle's tail, for he had no use for it. Then Skunk made the tails of Bear and Rabbit into one. He put it on. From that day, Skunks had bushy tails of black and white.

Badger wanted to stay and visit after the race. But Skunk made him get on their little white horse. Badger fell off and pretended to be dead. Skunk got off the horse and looked at his friend,

"My friend! I can not leave you! We are far from home. I will not leave you. I will eat you this evening."

Badger was afraid. He did not know what to do. Skunk was sad and cried for his friend. He sang his song. Then he started to walk, with Badger in his arms.

Now Badger knew that Skunk was afraid of Marmot. So he began to whistle, low. Skunk looked around. Badger whistled louder. Skunk threw him down. He ran and crawled deep in the thick brush. Badger

whistled louder. Skunk thought Marmot was coming! Badger got up and ran. Skunk did not see him go. They parted good friends this way. Their friendship lasted a long time. They met up later on.

Then I came back . . .

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